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PROFESSOR CAREY OF THE COLLEGE OF LORT WILLIAM CALCUTTA,
ATTENDED BY ONE OF HIS PUNDITS

WILLIAM CAREY

BY
S. PEARCE CAREY, M.A.

“Carey has been called the founder of modern Missions. That is not a scientific statement; for Missions never ceased. Some of the most heroic have been adventured by some of the most heretical Churches. But when the duty and privilege of Missions was brought home to the orthodox Nonconformists of a hundred and thirty-two years ago, and through them to other equally important, and even more influential parties of the nation, there was no figure of more consequence than his.”

SIR RYLAND ADKINS, M.P.
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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THIS is in no sense an abridgment of my two larger Lives of Carey, but a wholly different book. It is my most informed and considered and mature study of the man and his methods and achievement. It contains much new material, and has been written after the carefulest reflection on all the notable ascertainable British, American and Indian estimates of him which the centenary of his death evoked in 1934, and also in view of many modern changing missionary judgments.

I venture to believe that those who are familiar with the two large books will give most welcome also to this, and that the readers of this will become eager to acquaint themselves, as soon as possible, with the richer details of the Centenary Biography. This admittedly Standard Life is unfortunately out of print for the rest of this war-time, but that will be remedied when the happier days arrive.

This book was originally published by Messrs. Marshall, Morgan & Scott. Their several reprints have just been exhausted. I am grateful to them for the courtesy which has allowed of its being henceforth issued from its true home in The Carey Press.

S. PEARCE CAREY.

September 9, 1942

CHAPTER I

THE APOSTOLIC AWAKENER

THE very names Hinduism, Judaism and the like, suggest and signify religions indigenous to their lands and peoples, but not fitted nor striving nor destined to be religions of the wide world; territorial and national religions rather than missionary. Christianity, on the other hand, was centrifugal from the first. Its impulse and spirit, its purpose and programme, were at once universal.

Each of the three great religions founded by persons—whether by the Buddha, the Christ, or the Prophet—has been propagandist; Christianity the most propagandist, i.e. the most missionary, of all. It could not have been otherwise. Its Founder knew Himself to be the lover and brother of all men, the seeker and sufficient Saviour of all, the very Son and Soul of the Father. And that He was this His chief followers quickly believed. They exulted that the Father had sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world, and that in Him He had done nothing for Israel which He had not also done for all mankind. So they felt necessity laid on them to publish the Christian tidings to the limit of their opportunity to

every nation of men that dwelt on the face of all the earth. Which explains why the earliest Christian history swings us from Jerusalem to Rome, and why the entire New Testament, the Faith's classic literature, is vibrant with missionary passion.

Not always, however, has Christianity been true to its own instinct and genius. Indeed, the contrary has been far too frequently the case. The facts make sad reading. So often Christ's followers have tired after fine advance, or been preoccupied with their own multiplied problems, or clean forgotten the bidding of their Lord. Nevertheless, sooner or later, keen souls have arisen who have reverted to the apostolic type and spirit, and have recalled men to Christ's unrevoked commission, and have led them forth once more towards the glad redemptive service of the world.

Of modern Christendom the apostolic awakener was William Carey—born in south Northamptonshire in 1761, and dying, after forty years' unbroken Indian service, in 1834 in Serampore, a few miles north of Calcutta. "Others," said Dr. Ogilvie of Madras, "even the greatest, went out at the call of the Church addressed to them either directly or indirectly. The Church called and they responded. But Carey's was the impelling voice that roused the Church from her inertia, and constrained her to issue the call. That was his signal honour." Arthur Mayhew, C.I.E., the late Director of Public Instruction for the Central Provinces of India, greets him

in his *Christianity and the Government of India* as "a figure of impressive majesty"; and Viscount Halifax declares that "there can be no doubt that Carey must be numbered amongst the very few of whom it can in truth be said that their lives have changed the course of history."

It is one of life's many romances that this potent influence should have been exerted by one who seemed absurdly unlikely for the part; that the treasure was hidden in so commonplace a field. He was the son of a hand-loom weaver, who also became his only schoolmaster, and whose school did little more than teach the boys to read and write and count, and answer the catechism. At twelve he was a field-labourer, and at fourteen apprenticed to a shoemaker; and thenceforward, till he was thirty, he was chiefly dependent on this shoemaking for his own and his family's support.

Yet he showed signs of propitious strength. He could toil, could concentrate till he conquered. The shoemaking was not his choice, but he made himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed. That was for him a proud day when his rather ill-tempered employer set boots of his making in his window as skilled goods. Then he hungered for knowledge, and searched the neighbours' cottages for books of science, history and travel. Columbus became his so-much-talked-of hero that the other lads dubbed him with the name. He loved best the living books around him, the daily fascination of the

brooks and pools, the copses and parks, the hedgerows and meadows. The gipsies of the near forest, with whom he mingled, scarcely knew nature's signs and secrets better than he. Every plant caught his eye, every bird-note his ear. His bedroom became an aviary, his patch of garden gay with botanic spoil. He had a flair, too, for languages, and in sheer curiosity wrestled with Latin and with Greek. And he could dare. Trees, which no other lad would venture, he felt constrained to challenge, and at any risk or hurt to climb. And, when he chased his mates in games, though he was only little, he never gave in till they were caught. All this was worthwhile stuff to God's hand.

On the verge of his young manhood he himself got caught by Another, and became the lifelong glad prisoner of Christ. He had done his best to escape. Through many months he had withstood the appeals of an importunate fellow-apprentice, the first down-right Christian he had met. But now he found himself in a grip from which there was no loosing, from which he soon hoped he never would be loosed. For this was the grip of the world's Redeemer, and he knew that he must love Him who had died for him. In the crucified and risen Jesus he found his Saviour and Lord. Abandoning himself to Jesus, he began to possess himself for ever. His awed and surrendered personality was ready for God's use.

Soon, grateful for all this joy, he linked himself with the lowly folk amongst whom his workmate

worshipped, becoming thus the first of his family circle to cast in his lot with the despised and disadvantaged Nonconformists. Soon he bound himself with these village puritans in a solemn church-covenant, and at the same time pledged his love to a daughter of their leader in the sacrament of marriage.

In the course of the years he was to be brought into contact with great and notable men, of whom the first was Thomas Scott, curate and then successor of John Newton of Olney, who was to become England's ablest evangelical scholar and expositor. There was nothing pretentious or popular in his preaching, and his congregations were discouragingly small. But Carey gauged his worth, and joyously tramped far, if he could learn where the curate was preaching, and twice or thrice met him in his employer's home, and put to him his shy, sensible questions. It is of deep significance that, in the years immediately following his conversion and his union with the village Nonconformists, he did not let himself become exclusive, but eagerly attended on the ministry of a Churchman because of his straightforward dealing with the Word of Truth. This catholic spirit was to mark him all his life.

How independent his own study of the New Testament was is shown by the fact that, with no encouragement from any, he reached the persuasion that baptism should be much more than a rite to which an infant is brought by others, as he had been by his

parents, but rather a man's own act and deed, his uttered faith, his declared purpose, his pledged consecration. So early one autumn Sunday morning, when he was twenty-two, he thus publicly committed himself to the lifelong Christian way.

What that way might involve for him he was already beginning to discover. For the release and renewal he had found in Christ Jesus excited his compassion for all others who knew nothing of His saving grace. Moreover, the Scriptures which had constrained his baptismal judgment and obedience faced him with Christ's world-missionary purpose. Besides, a book he was reading was kindling his heart—the *Voyages of Captain Cook*, England's most humane and illustrious captain, who had thrice voyaged to the uttermost ends of the earth, and had unveiled countless coasts and isles and peoples, very romantic and intriguing, but wrapped in gross mental and spiritual darkness in their habitations of cruelty. Their ignorance and helplessness cried out to man and to God. Only the gospel of Jesus he was persuaded could deliver them from their cannibal debasements. Only His grace could develop their arrested intellectual and spiritual powers. They had shed the blood of England's noblest captain for lack of knowing the story of Christ's own shed blood. He felt that he must consecrate his life to their service, to go to them himself, if anywise possible, and to enlist on their behalf the care and prayers of a multitude of others.

Soon it was not just the need of South Sea islanders which pressed upon his spirit, but that of the untold millions of Asia and Africa and the Americas, who had never heard Christ's name. That he might not forget them for a single day, he covered a wall of his cottage with a world-map of his making, and set beside his bench a leathern globe of his own stitching and colouring. "His map gave him sea-room." It was a second Bible, an urgent Word of God of day by day appeal. He also contrived to secure considerable contemporary geographies, and to store his mind with their ethnic and religious facts. All this gave substance and poignancy to his prayers, and enabled him to share God's travail for the salvation of the world. It lifted him, too, out of the littleness of his village environment. He overleapt the barriers of all its prejudices. He judged all things by new values.

By this time, besides his shoemaking, he kept a school for village lads; he preached to village-folk every Sunday, and, presently, was ordained to be the minister of his village's Baptist Church, with less pay than a field-labourer's, albeit the most they could afford. And ever he sought to make the lads and his congregations feel the tragedy of the world's uncared-for millions, and ever he cherished the hope of one day reaching Tahiti, and making it the centre of missionary enterprise and influence throughout the Pacific. Every fortnight he might have been seen trudging the many miles to his employer and

back with his heavy pack of finished boots or fresh leather, the passion in his heart for Christ's Kingdom both lightening and adding to his load.

Because he understood that a man must toil who would become God's tool, he now added Hebrew to his Latin and Greek towards future translation work, and balanced these indispensable dead tongues with living French and Dutch. John Eliot became his hero for having translated the whole Bible into a language of America's Indians, and David Brainerd for the missionary devotion that had burned within him like a vestal flame. These two took their places with St. Paul as his canonized saints. The Bible, too, became his deepening entrancement, with its Old Testament missionary anticipations and its New Testament missionary achievements, although these sharpened his distress that the Church of his own generation had fallen on such sleep.

An even greater guilt of so-called Western Christendom tortured his spirit—the monstrous slave-trade, in which not only Portugal and Spain but Britain was deeply engaged. For this was not just careless neglect but criminal cruelty. Britain was prostituting her commercial instinct and genius to the basest exploitation. Thousands of innocent Africans were hunted and harried from their homes, were snatched and stolen and shipped to the West Indies—40,000 victims of this odious traffic every year. Africa was bleeding from this open sore, whilst Bristol and Liverpool coined money—treasure, in-

deed, laid up towards a fearsome judgment. The soul of Carey writhed with those of the poet Cowper, and of Clarkson and Granville Sharp, of Zachary Macaulay and Wilberforce. He could never pray without remembrance of Africa's martyrs. He scarcely knew which to desiderate and supplicate—service in the cannibal South Seas or in slave-trade-cursed Africa. He was eager for either.

It had been a greater providence than he knew that he had been led into Baptist conviction and obedience. For his eventual Baptist pastorate introduced him into a circle of conspicuously capable and progressive leaders. To wit, Robert Hall, the father of the illustrious, who had crowned his ministry by publishing a tough book, which he quaintly called *Help to Zion's Travellers*, which young Carey "read with rapture," because, as no other, it enabled him to co-ordinate his own thinking with the Word of God. John Ryland, the scholarly preaching-son of a gruff great preaching-father. John Sutcliff, who had walked from Yorkshire to Bristol to get entrance into its College, and who, since his ministry began, had done more than any other to constrain the Churches to concerted prayer for the advance of Christ's kingdom. And, last and greatest, Andrew Fuller. He had known as a youth how the hard doctrine of election could harrow a sensitive spirit, and what it cost to break free from its teeth. Presently, he dared to proclaim from his pulpit and with his pen *a Gospel worthy and capable of all men's acceptance*, which

thrust him into the vanguard of the progressives, and incalculably prepared the way for missionary propaganda. Carey could have found nowhere else such a quaternion of comrades. They had not quite his impatience for action. Still less were they, as he, proposing to commit themselves to the overseas' service. But they concurred with his purpose and encouraged its pursuit. Then, in Birmingham, not far distant, Samuel Pearce was yearning with a zeal like Carey's to give his life to the convicts of Botany Bay or to the cannibal Maoris. Christian business men, also, became interested in his enthusiasms. One promised him indefinitely ten shillings a week towards the freer prosecution of his linguistic studies, and another £10 towards the publication of his challenging missionary views.

He needed these heartenings, for he was often very solitary. Few had the ears to hearken to his messages, and many withdrew themselves from his preaching, accounting him unsound. He would open his heart sometimes to his brother-ministers, and far into the night; but his thoughts were not their thoughts. Once a High-Calvinist veteran teased and snubbed him as "a miserable enthusiast," asking him, in the presence of his brother-ministers, whether he supposed he could ever preach in Arabic or Persian, in Hindustani or Bengali—little imagining that in the course of the years he was to acquire three of these very tongues, and to preach frequently in two of them, and with the last to become as familiar and

happy as with the language of his birth. But the younger men did not chide him, though they could not match his courage, zeal and faith.

Before he was thirty, he was called to his first town. His growing reputation led the Leicester Baptists to seek him as their minister, and as the deliverer of their Church from its distress. It was, indeed, a shock to find members and deacons of "Harvey Lane" not even decent and sober. But in the four years of Carey's fearless and fervid leadership it was proven, as often since, that the surest cleansing of a home-church is to kindle within it a passion for the evangelization of the world.

His powers were rapidly maturing. Though still a shoemaker, to supplement his small stipend, he was soon a valued member of the town's Philosophical Institute. Men of wealth and culture did not disdain to be known as his friends. He combined an intense evangelicalism with an equal insistence on the necessity for the fullest freedom of human enquiry, and with a passion for science. He took the lead in demanding civil justice for Free Churchmen, and in rousing men's consciences for the liberation of Africa's slaves. He dared to declare his own sympathy with revolutionary France. In this circle of Leicester's progressives there was much talk of Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*, for openly selling which their leader was cast into prison. To Carey the primal right of every man that breathed was to hear from some sympathetic lips the story of Christ's grace. To win

for men this birthright was the passion of his life.

Two memorable things he now did. He published his first book, *An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use means for the Conversion of the Heathen*. Here he answered the arguments with which men strove to parry his pleas for a world-missionary advance. He retold the thrilling story of the zeal of the apostles and of their like-minded successors, over against the listlessness of his own generation. He asked how men who cared little for Christ's kingdom could suppose themselves amongst its "sons." He tabled with astonishing detail the religious situation in every quarter of the globe. He stressed the tragedy of the fact that only a twentieth of the world's then 700,000,000 even professed the Christian faith, and that the earth's vastest regions and peoples dwelt in pitiful ignorance of God. He mourned over such priceless human material going to waste. He indicated what great things Christ could do for and through the several nations, and how their distinctive responses to the Gospel would enrich the whole Church. So he pleaded for a bold advance, and that they should be as adventurous for Christ as business-men were for making money. He challenged every barrier that blocked the way. He proved that Britain was so circumstanced and advantaged that she was evidently meant to lead the campaign; and, finally, in his matter-of-fact practical fashion, he outlined how the impossible thing could be done. His whole plea was strikingly modern.

Indeed, he was far in advance of even our current Church conceptions and practice; for he never once used the term "foreign missions," but combined the home-ministry and home-missions and overseas' missions in one enterprise to be provided for together through common and collective funds. This *Enquiry* so outstripped the public opinion of its day that it got a bad Press. "A flood of contempt was poured upon it," says James Hinton of Oxford. "I was surprised that they took such pains to crush a design of which they entertained so despicable an opinion." But once again the foolishness of God was wiser than men.

The second great thing he did was to preach an eventful sermon in Nottingham to the associated Baptists of mid-east England. Probably less than a couple of hundred were gathered to hear him on that May morning of 1792, and the sermon was never printed. Yet history began to be made there. He drew his bow with his arrow well fixed. He exposed the guiltful ineffectiveness of their Churches; indeed, of British Christendom as a whole. He glimpsed the world's appalling need. He interpreted the providences which urged them to adventurous advance. He bade them "stretch forth the curtains of their habitations, lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes, spare not and fear not." He thrilled them with a vision of their divinely-destined vocation; and, in watch-words that have never since been forgotten, which leapt out of his own valorous heart, he goaded them *to expect great things from God and to attempt*

great things for God. It was a veritable bugle-call; the *Enquiry* epitomized and incandescent. Had there been an instant response, a repentance as of Israel at the Jordan, a unanimous enlistment, none would have marvelled. But the set programme for the rest of the session broke the spell. When, however, the next morning's business had been completed, the importunate Carey once again demanded action. But caution and fear prevailed. None made response to his challenge. Then Andrew Fuller, seeing the anguish of his spirit, rose and constrained them to agree that the whole question should be thoroughly canvassed in the Northampton district at their next ministers' meeting. So Carey was a little comforted, and his word did not quite return void, but moved forwards to become in due time a brave deed. I often associate that Nottingham sermon with Carey's shoe-making. For what was he doing but giving men the due pair of stout shoes for life's pilgrimage and service? *Expect: attempt.* Trust: try. A trust that did not venture was a mockery.

In that autumn in Kettering prudence once more almost triumphed. "An east wind was blowing without, and the sky was all sables," and in the widow's house that evening, where the fourteen met, a chilling sky and wind were in men's hearts, in spite of Ryland's bold sermon of the morning, and Pearce's burning message of the afternoon. Only half of the fourteen had been in Nottingham in May, and heard Carey's overwhelming sermon and Fuller's persuasive

appeal. The most part felt that the enterprise to which Carey called them was wholly beyond their capacity and strength. Their spirit was willing, but their resources irremediably weak. So they dared not go forward. Carey, however, "contrived to rouse" them with the latest published triumphs of his heroes, the Moravians. And these so abashed unbelief, so strengthened the weak hands and confirmed the trembling knees, that at length they adventured. They even exceeded what they might have judged to be the limit of their function. For, instead of consenting to recommend to their next Association Assembly the formation of a Missionary Society, they formed one on the spot—thus making that *October* 2, 1792, one of the historic and heroic nights of British Christendom. The thing was venturesome indeed; a holy madness. For only five of them could be regarded as of the least denominational standing. Seven were pastors of tiny village churches, scarcely known beyond their rural bounds. The two others were a layman in a small way of business, and a Bristol student just out of his course. The denomination was far too unorganized to be consulted. London was not even represented. The Northampton Association itself was uncommitted. The plungers were just a little group of local men. And the money they could promise, though sacrificial and splendid, was an almost ironic exposure of their preposterous feebleness: £13 2s. 6d.! Later, the caustic Sydney Smith moved the highbrows of Scotland and England to

laughter with the story in his *Edinburgh Review*. Nor must it be forgotten that this was dared when all Europe was in commotion through the upheaval in France, when the stability of every throne was threatened, and political passion was wild and all-engrossing, and men were least in the mood to vow themselves to the catholic and selfless service of the world.

Carey's *Enquiry* and the records of the Foundation Meeting of this Missionary Society reveal that he would have greatly preferred an interdenominational basis for its fellowship and work, the undertaking being so vast, and leaders of the largest possible mould being so essential. But, because the hour for such worthier collaboration had not yet struck, he was compelled to content himself with the sectional beginning.

He found a very noble colleague in Andrew Fuller, though with not quite as broad an outlook as his own. But from that hour in Nottingham when he had saved the Association Committee from its blank negative to Carey's proposal, he, in spite of great anxiety and sorrow in his home over the serious mental and physical illness and then the death of his wife, had done everything in his power to further Carey's purpose. As soon as the Society was formed, he accepted the hazardous secretariat, the captaincy of the barque which was bound to encounter many a storm. Even when in a very few weeks under the stress of things he was stricken with facial paralysis,

he did not abdicate, but through all the rest of the years was as whole-souled in the service as Carey himself, and for not a penny of personal aggrandizement. He seemed to need some such tremendous enterprise to release his great powers.

CHAPTER II

THE UNEXPECTED FIELD

EVENTS moved swiftly after the Society's formation, and along a track which Carey had never conceived. It would be interesting to muse on what difference it might have made to missionary history, and even to world-history, if either of his specific hopes had been realized, and he had been permitted to go to the South Seas or to Africa. But that he should be commissioned to India was neither in his nor anyone's mind. For none in the Northamptonshire Association area knew of the zealous Baptist, the Christian doctor, the ex-surgeon of the East India Co.'s fleet, John Thomas, who for some few years in Bengal, with the help there of Christian Civil Servants and merchants, had done the work of a medical missionary, before any British Missionary Society was born. He had been the first man of British or any other race who had spent himself and been spent for Bengal's evangelization. He had learned the vernacular; translated, though he could not publish, two Gospels; healed the sick, and preached with rare power. Of all this the new Society's Committee was ignorant, and of his return

to London for brief rest, and of his proposed resumption of his humanitarian and missionary labours; and, as he hoped, with a colleague. When it was ascertained, it was judged to be God's guidance, in spite of features in his temperament, career and character that occasioned disquiet. Presently, he and the Society met, and he glowingly reported his Indian experience, and they were so heartened by his zeal that they accepted Bengal as their first field, and himself as their first missionary. When he begged for a colleague, Carey was in a strait. His years of longing and of prayer prompted immediate response; but by the date of the doctor's expected sailing, Carey's wife would be close to fresh motherhood, and could not possibly make the voyage. Besides, his Leicester Church could not, according to the standards of the time, be lightly forsaken, and, moreover, to be so responsibly yoked with one of whom he knew but little, and of a temperament so different from his own, was a grave hazard. Yet he felt that his integrity was being suddenly tested; for, long before, he had indissolubly engaged in his own soul to go whithersoever his Master should enjoin him, and this seemed to be the due bidding and thrusting and direction: especially when Dr. Thomas read the request of an Indian for preachers who should give themselves to the work of translation: to Carey an irresistible appeal. So he volunteered, nor could think it any sacrifice, but a thrilling consummation of a multitude of prayers. When the

doctor kissed him, their hearts were knit in sacred joy.

The Society might reasonably have halted on the ground of the alarming expense. For, though only Mrs. Thomas and her daughter would accompany the two missionaries to Bengal, Mrs. Carey and her family would need maintenance at home; perhaps, for several years. But Thomas in his innocent unbusinesslike imprudence seriously misremembered the financial costs of European residence in Bengal, with the result that the Society could not gauge the full responsibility which it was assuming; and, knowing Carey's long self-preparation and peculiar fitness, accepted him instantly, and trusted to their ability, under the blessing of God, to secure the sufficient funds. Even with their limited cognizance, however, their audacity was sublime. Of course, no modern Missionary Society would have received them. With Carey thirty-two, and his wife thirty-six, and with their four children, they would have been judged too old for healthful acclimatization, and for due suppleness of mind and the acquisition of languages. But in the days of the inexperienced beginnings men were more reckless.

Carey soon learned that for followers of the Crucified there was a cup to drink, a baptism to be baptized with, a sharp conflict of loyalties. His wife, with motherhood pending, could not but think him cruel. His father called him mad, and his Church could neither forgive him nor release him. Yet he

could not turn back. He had often chafed under the excesses of ultra-Calvinists, but he was a deeply convinced Calvinist himself, sure of a Will of God that governed him and of a Way of God that he should take. So, though with tears in his heart, he moved forward. "No discouragement could make his heart relent his first avowed intent." And, before very long, "Harvey Lane" lovingly yielded him up, and commissioned him to India, and was quickened into unwonted spirituality and joy. Then, his father understood and acquiesced; and his wife became reconciled and brave, and he was able to make a nest for her and the children in the village of her birth and in the midst of her people. Then, whithersoever Dr. Thomas and he went visiting the Churches, they were met by an overflowing response. The old saw visions: the young dreamed dreams. As far north as Newcastle and west as Barnstaple, ministers and churches and individual Christians were revived and money was given freely. During Carey's last Leicester Sundays many pledged themselves in baptism to the service of the Redeemer. For the unforgettable farewell every Baptist minister of his country save one assembled, and, at the close of the unprecedented day, the leaders were moved to swear to him their lifelong troth. On his single Sunday in London, in Rippon's Church, he found amongst his keenest listeners such an eager young compositor and journalist that he urged him to fit himself to become the Mission's pioneer-printer for

Bengal, and he believed he was the kind of man who would respond: as, indeed, he did. Thus did the signs multiply that the good hand of God was upon him.

His main distress lay in the revealed financial embarrassments of his colleague. Thomas's debts and the writs issued against him blocked his and Carey's sailing at the anticipated time. Indeed, they were both unshipped at the last moment. But extremity seemed the doctor's opportunity; for such was his driving power and daring that in three weeks from missing the one ship they were aboard another—only Danish this time, but with Carey's whole family to boot.

By being directed to India, Carey was assuredly commissioned to as responsible and illimitable a task as the world could have furnished. In his *Enquiry's* register of all the earth's lands and isles and peoples, it stands with its 160,000,000 (though less than half its numbers of to-day), as by far the most populous country of the world, overwhelmingly vast in comparison with the South Sea islands of his dreams.

To miss the field of one's choice is supposed to involve a man in "a deficit of individual volition." He arrives at his station with less than his maximum energies called forth. But Carey was so cosmic, and so eager to begin anywhere towards goading Christ's Church to get everywhere that, to whatever field he had been commissioned, he would have sped with his whole strength. But to find himself sent to the vastest

of all fields must have been at once both staggering and inspiring. He would quickly recall the much he had read of Bengal's teeming multitudes, its luxuriant vegetation (he would revel in the thought of seeing that), its simple village folk, its diverse tongues, its ancient books, its learned pundits, and its age-long quest for God. He would be glad to have so toiled at languages. Indeed, the whole sequel suggests that for this very field his aptitudes and powers had been unwittingly destined.

It certainly was meet that the land to whose interests awakening British Christendom first addressed itself should be that mid-Asian peninsula, which had recently been brought to such an extent beneath Britain's sway. For it behoved us greatly to care not only to secure for its multitudes the best possible material and social conditions, but to share with them our most precious inheritance in Christ. Through centuries a solemn struggle for the souls of men had been waged there between the pantheism of both Hinduism and Buddhism and the monotheism of Islam. None of these could truly meet the poignant distresses and the devoutest yearnings of mankind. They did, indeed, contain syllables and stammerings of truth, but only in Jesus could be found the embodied Word, the sufficient grace of the Father. Thomas and Carey were the first Englishmen to voyage thither for the express purpose of taking to India's multitudes these superlative tidings, which made their sailing up the Hooghly on

November 9, 1793, an historic event. They were carrying the Book which alone could free India from the shocking inhumanities under which it was groaning, and alone could satisfy the æonian quest of its philosophy and poetry and worship. India needed above all else the witness of those who had come to know God in the face of Jesus Christ as One and as Holy and as *All-loving*. "There is no other religion," as Dr. Charles Brown says, "that teaches the love of God for every child of man, except the Christian religion. It is not in Buddhism nor Mohammedanism nor in any of the Hindu faiths." This was the news Carey was bearing to India, and, therefore, accounted himself the most privileged of men. Angels might have envied him.

Unfortunately, this was far removed from the thoughts of the administrators of the East India Co., who controlled the public conditions of Bengal. True, they were justly concerned to avoid the suspicion of seeking to thrust on the Indian peoples their conquerors' religious faith. India had already suffered tragically through such coercion under the Moslems and the Portuguese. The Company was wisely eager to do nothing which would weaken the people's trust in their benevolent tolerance and pledged neutrality. They were also, of course, keen on the business side of things that nothing should impair the favourable social and commercial relation between the Indians and themselves. So aught that savoured of Christian propagandism was feared

and frowned on and forbidden. Indeed, during the very days when Thomas and Carey needed to secure their licences from the Company for residence in Bengal, its Charter was before Parliament for its bi-decennial review, and an effort on the part of a few noble Directors and Commoners to win sanction for the presence of British Christian teachers amongst the Indian people roused a rage of alarm and opposition that nothing could assuage. It was all very explicable, though uninformed and short-sighted. If they had considered the wise and beneficent service of men like Ziegenbalg and Schwartz amongst the Tamils of the south, they would not have been so apprehensive and hysterical. All this explains why Thomas and Carey had to go to Calcutta without licence, and in a Danish, not a British, ship. The captain, however, was English, and nothing could have exceeded his protective courtesy and care. But it must remain to our Empire's reproach that, when Carey conveyed the world's holiest treasure to India, to share it with the millions who had been brought beneath Britain's yoke, he had to be smuggled thither in a Danish vessel. The treasure was taboo.

All the more striking is it to remember that, according to his own affirmation, he was purposed from the beginning, like very few other eastward-bound Englishmen of the time, never to return. And, indeed, he never did. Not that he forgot how insecure would be his footing in the Presidency. For, though Thomas might be suffered to stay as a doctor,

and as almost naturalized from his long residence in the country and his knowledge of its speech, Carey knew that he himself and his family might any day be bundled home. Yet he was resolved not to return; for he meant to bear himself with exceeding prudence and patience. He was no hot-headed, blundering novice, but with years of practical life and solved problems behind him, and withal a true Calvinist's faith in the resources and wisdom of God.

This resolve of his never to return had another cardinal aspect. It has sometimes happened that men have gone to the mission field to render service and to gain experience, but with no intention of making it the whole-time labour of their lives. The quality of Carey's consecration was different. With him this was not a chapter in a career, but a vocation for life. He was staking everything. His gift of himself was without repentance. And thereto he shaped his whole policy and programme from the first, both for himself and, as he hoped, for his children. He sought and strove that they should all take permanent root there for India's benefit. Before he reached Calcutta, he was planning Sanskrit for one son, and Persian for another, and so on, and all sorts of multiplying tasks for himself.

With India's 160,000,000 filling his mind, he might excusably have been obsessed by its limitless needs, and importunate with the Society for a succession of strong helpers. Yet these were his words as he sighted Bengal:

“ Africa is but a little way from England; Madagascar but a little farther; South America and all the many and large islands in the Indian and Chinese seas will, I hope, not be forgotten.”

Not even India sufficed his cosmopolitan soul. Only the conquest of the whole world could content him.

At the very time when he, little of body but not of brain and heart, was entering Bengal to do a work which was profoundly to affect and enrich India's whole thinking and living, another, a *petit caporal*, was moving to the centre of the European stage. They both had empires in their brains. One meant to win an empire for his ambitious self with a sword of steel: the other an empire for his Redeemer with the sword of the Spirit and the evangel of the Cross. One lived to see his dazzling dreams all shattered; the other saw his fulfil themselves beyond his brightest hopes. One strewed the world with the débris of disaster: the other planted trees whose leaves were, and still are, for the healing of the nations.

When Xavier went to India two centuries and a half before Carey — though prepared, as events proved, to endure all hardness as a loyal soldier of Christ — he was accompanied by the Portuguese Viceroy, and was loaded with favours from the Portuguese king. Thomas and Carey, on the other hand, had not so much as a permit for landing, and counted

it mercy enough that they escaped the observation of Calcutta's Port Authorities. This empty-handedness was very expressive. For what did Carey take with him to India? No licence, no influence, no status, no money: nothing but a deep compassion, a vigorous brain and *an unquenchable faith*. This was to give him the victory, even his faith.

He found Thomas a delightful companion for the five months' voyage; so at home and happy on board ship. An ardent tutor withal; enabling Carey to make good speed with Bengali. At their first Indian landing at a village-market, Thomas preached to the people with such freedom that they listened for three hours, and then entertained the unusual strangers with rice and curry, sweetmeats and fruits. I wonder if Carey chanced to contrast this with the fierceness which his hero Captain Cook encountered and was slain by at Hawaii? These friendly first impressions were deepened wherever he and Thomas went, even Bengal scholars showing them such courtesy that Carey fondly hoped that the citadels of learning and of influence would soon capitulate to Christ. They had presently, however, to discover that theirs could be no easy victory, but that the struggle would be tense and long. Of the few of whom Thomas had aforetime been hopeful, all that they could now hear was ironically disappointing.

Carey was very conscious that it was little to be taking to India an orthodox Christian creed, and to persuade men to its intellectual acceptance. The one

thing needful was a rich spiritual experience to share with men in Christ Jesus. So his chief solicitude was that the well-spring in the depths of his own soul should be ever leaping up unto eternal life. We find him in frequent distress because that spring seemed often so sluggish. "How can I help India, with so little godliness myself?" "My soul is a jungle, when it ought to be a garden." "My crime is spiritual stupidity." "I spoke to Mohammedans to-day, but I feel to be as bad as they." "O God, make me a true Christian." To help to keep the spring at better flow, he consecrated each day's earliest hour to communion with the Father; and preferably out of doors. There he tasted the sweetness of many a scripture and of many a familiar hymn. There he practised the presence of his divine Redeemer. There he increasingly discovered, as he said, that "communion yields a strong consolation and a holy joy."

Presently, he was faced with utter destitution. Thomas had been entrusted with the common purse, but, through his sanguine misreckoning of costs, had been supplied with absurdly inadequate funds. Within three months from landing they were penniless—an appalling dilemma for Carey, with an ill wife and son, with no friends and no permit, with debt abhorrent to his nature, and intercommunication with England impossible in less than ten months! From this woe has to be dated his sick wife's mental derangement, which doomed her to deepening despondency for all the rest of her years. Yet he was

blameless. He could not possibly have foreseen such overwhelming destitution. He humbly and bravely turned to his shoemaking once more, although he probably already knew that India's shoemakers were amongst her "untouchables."

But, before long, with sighs of relief he escaped from the city to the country, albeit that it was only to half-cleared jungle in the malarial delta of the Ganges; jungle so infested with boars and buffaloes and leopards, with crocodiles and cobras, with dacoits, and with tigers, that the native settlers had recently fled, after a score in a year had been devoured by these last. Yet, since nothing else was available, and this was for the time rent-free, Carey trusted his family and himself to God and ventured thither. And there he met a Government Agent of the district who received and entertained them all, and insisted on their staying as his guests till Carey's bamboo home was built across the river, in spite of the fact that his missionary purpose seemed to him ridiculous and mad. By this bachelor's mercy they were all sheltered from the dacoits and the tigers, and Carey, as a very Crusoe, hastened the building of his hut. It was all part of a missionary's adventure. He had always loved the tillage of the soil, and had long been persuaded, as his *Enquiry* proves, that thus he would soonest make his work self-supporting. Great was his joy when the villagers, who had fled from the tigers, began to return, because he was to dwell among them. He found himself regarded not as an

intrusive stranger but as their protector and friend. He hoped to shelter them from much else, too, and to win them to the trust of their divine Redeemer. He looked confidently towards the day when the Gospel would be carried from this centre through all the ramifications of the delta, where as yet there was "not one Indian soul thinking of God aright."

But, shortly, providences, stranger than any fiction, called him to the north, where Thomas and he were offered the managements of new indigo factories in the district of Malda by an old-time friend of the former, who proffered them these in full awareness of their missionary purpose, which he wished to advance. For, under the influence of his predecessor there, who had become the noblest London Director of the East India Co., he had been led into the sincere discipleship of Christ. Thus, at a stroke, Carey was given the chance of a sure footing in the country, a position of influence, a reliable and liberal income, a new and pukka home and a fine business training; also, life in the midst of typical Indian villagers, and constant contact with the people. All this would speed his and his children's acquisition of the vernaculars. Moreover, the wealth of unhindered missionary opportunity it provided was a sovereign inducement and joy. There could be no refusal, and soon he and his family were on their long river-voyage to Malda, learning scores of things and words on the way, Carey exulting to be led so early and instructively through almost the whole length of Bengal.

When the voyage ended, to find his bachelor-employer not only hospitable but keen concerning his missionary purpose, was a joy beyond all bounds. To sojourn in a Christian home once more after a year's lack of such, and to preach there, heightened his desire to fill India with such centres of Christian enlightenment and peace. Soon greater gladnesses were his; for he began to meet other Christian Englishmen of the district, who, partly through the former influence of Thomas, though merchants and manufacturers and Civil Servants of the Company, were also disciples of Christ. One was already translating the Gospels into Bengali, and two were organizing free schools. This proved again that the practice of several English representatives of the Company was much in advance of its declared negative policy.

Carey's proudest satisfaction lay in immediately exempting the Home Society from any further financial responsibility for his family and himself, thus freeing the funds for the founding of some other mission. Then, for the first time, he could feel that he was no longer a waif in a strange land, but that he had a recognized function and place there; that it was, what in his first northern letter he called it, "his own country."

There he was tested in a quite different and more subtle fashion. With poverty and low estate he had been familiar from childhood. Now he was comparatively well-off and exalted, and in a land where

the Sahib was prone to treat the Indians with harshness and disdain. But he had not so learned Christ. With a host of coolies to manage, he had need to be firm; but he knew how always to be respectful and kindly. He was tempted at times to be authoritative and coercive, e.g. to expect their presence for brief Sunday worship and teaching, when the factory was closed; or to forbid any puja done to idols on the estate for good luck; or, when he was heart-broken, to require their compassionate help, despite their caste customs and taboos, for the burial of Peter, his third son. But all that he had read of compulsive missions, and his inborn respect for men's personalities, and his yearning to win them for Christ, saved him from any policy of force. "Prohibition or dictation," he said, "was persecution."

When the Home Base eventually learned of his managerial appointment, several, not knowing him well, warned him against losing his missionary ardour amid the ensnarings of business. They need have had no fear. Every rupee he could save went for schools and books and pundits, and for his frequent missionary travels through his wide district, in the dry months on horseback, in his house-boat during the monsoons over the flooded beels.

How changed missionary and world conditions have become since his day may be illustrated by the fact that from leaving Kent in June, 1793, although his friends had been faithful, not one English letter reached him until May, 1795. The loneliness was

unspeakable, and especially distressful for his dejected wife.

The people of his new parish soon discovered that he was not only employer but everyone's friend. Nothing that touched their interests was alien to him. He shielded them against all ill-treatment and fraud. He paid them just wages and prices. He freed them from Sunday toil. He gave them first aid for their injured, and medicines for their sick. He offered free schooling to their children, and invited them into his own house every Sunday to hear heaven's best news.

Nothing could be more significant than that in his second Indian year he set himself to begin to learn Sanskrit. Even to-day very few Indian missionaries, unless they are aiming at professorial or special linguistic work, face this discipline. But he addressed himself to it at once, even though he was dwelling in a locality quite unpropitiously rural. It was partly, no doubt, in the scientific thoroughness that always drove him to the roots of things; partly in his native appetite for language; but chiefly because he saw this to be the only royal, though rugged, road to the understanding of India. As with his purpose never to leave the land of his adoption, so now he meant to dig himself into its soil and soul. It was little to be in India geographically. His aspiration was to reach and apprehend its mind and spirit. His pundits spoke with such awe of this classic Sanskrit learning that he also was resolved to storm its stronghold and win

possession of its keys. So we soon find him reading the *Shastras* at first hand, and the great epic, the *Mahabharata*, till he was no longer a stranger and sojourner there, an alien from its commonwealth, but a son and a citizen and a freeman, able to meet India's scholars on their own ground, and be accepted as their equal.

This winning of Sanskrit was chiefly intended to aid him in the supreme task that engaged him through all those early years: the translation of the Bible into Bengali. When he reached India, Bengali, as a cultured tongue, was almost extinct, by reason of the contemptuous roughness of the Moslems. There was not a book to be read in its prose. But Carey begat it again unto a very astonishing resurrection by translating the whole Bible into its speech, and demonstrating its unbounded capacity to become the refined vehicle of a great literature, and to express the deepest truths with simplicity and grace. I suppose that was what made Dr. Thos. Phillips, of Cardiff, say, "But for Carey's Bengali Bible, we could scarcely have been blessed with the *Gitanjali* of Rabindranath Tagore." And certainly these his devotional prose poems breathe the spirit of the noblest Psalms and of the Gospels, which Carey was the first to bring within the reach of cultured Bengalis in their mother-tongue. Moreover, this also may be said that, if Carey had not with his later colleagues, laid the foundation of a printed Bengali literature, Tagore could have had no such prepared

native constituency as he has appealed to and reached by to-day.

Whithersoever Carey had gone, to the South Seas or Africa or any other field, the translation of the Scriptures would have been his chief concernment. But in India, with its *Shastras* and Classics, its regard for scholars, and its *Koran* for the Moslems, this translation-work assumed a pre-eminent importance. Xavier, in his rushed days, had not been able to do more than teach his catechumens the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, the Ten Commandments and the Creed; but, like noble Ziegenbalg, Carey could not rest till he had given to Bengal the whole library and counsel of God, in order that the certainty and peace which these had brought to his own soul might be shared with its multitudes. It is almost incredible that in his few northern years, with the slight and late help of a junior colleague, John Fountain, he should have done into Bengali not just the New Testament but almost the whole Bible; and this in the midst of his business responsibilities and his frequent itinerations, and in a district where adequate tools for the task and competent pundits were unavailable, and, above all, under the distress of his deranged and disconsolate wife.

Apart from the toil of the writing and re-writing, there was the tireless hunt for words—a right Bengali word to be found or fashioned for every thought and word of the Bible—involving thousands of

questions to his pundits and others; and then the constant checkings of the same, besides the worry of the unstandardized spelling. Then his wrestlings with obscure biblical sentences and phrases, his ceaseless consultations of the Hebrew and the Greek, his weighing of variant readings, and his distress over dubious texts. And always his quest for a style at once literary and homespun, and for a faithful yet flowing rendering of the poetical chapters and books, his loyalty to St. Paul's packed thoughts, and yet a simplification of his "labyrinthine" paragraphs. And all this in the heat or the steaminess of Bengal, with no punkahs by day, and only little mustard-oil lamps or tallow candles by night! On the other hand, there was his joy in his task, his deepening reverence for the Book's wisdom compared with India's richest spiritual wealth, his thrills at its newly-realized treasures, and his rapture at being privileged to be the first to convey to Bengal this unparalleled gift. In this purpose to mediate to the multitudes of Bengal God's ever-abiding Word in their vernacular, was he not shoemaker again? Compassionating those who for their life's hard pilgrimage and warfare and labour had only shoes that were "old and clouted," he meant to substitute for these "shoes that would never wax old," even "the preparedness of the gospel of peace."

There were many conceptions and practices in India's religious life with which Carey realized that he would need to be permissive and patient. But,

on the other hand, there were occasions which called him to an immediate intolerance: as, for instance, when he first found himself confronted with *Sati*. Even though the widow herself declared her purposed sacrifice her willing deed, he vehemently protested to her and to the Brahmins and to the whole frenzied crowd that, though they counted it a meritorious and most holy thing, it was an impious and hateful murder, against which he would bear his witness before the judgment-throne of God. He fought them single-handed, like St. Paul at Ephesus. Nor did he cease from mental strife, nor did his sword sleep in his hand through thirty years, until the Government decreed this burning of India's widows to be a no longer tolerable crime.

Nothing, we may be sure, would be lacking on Carey's part to make his indigo factory a success. Personal pride, conscientious thoroughness, interest in the scientific processes, gratitude to his employer, desire to reimburse him for the thousands of pounds he had expended on the Works, besides eagerness to retain his valuable position, would all combine to prompt his diligence and care. But, toil as he might, the seasons withstood him. Three out of his five proved disastrous. Epidemic, deluge and drought, with their pitiful entail, ruined his and Thomas's hopes. Their employer was driven to abandon both ventures. Thomas had already given up in despair. So Carey was adrift again. Loath to be beaten and to waste his experience, he dared,

with a better site offering, to make preparations for indigo works of his own. But, as we shall presently see, "things were in the saddle" driving him south.

Twice during these northern years, being always pulled by the horizons and the heights, he had travelled across the border into Bhutan, and was unforgettably impressed by the intelligent and independent men of the mountains, free of caste, and their women-folk of purdah. He made repeated later efforts to plant a mission-station amongst them; and, before he died, contrived, from the data of a German, to prepare for whosoever might venture hither a Bhutia vocabulary and grammar: a surprising feat.

CHAPTER III

THE SPLENDID COLLEAGUES

BEFORE he could complete his new indigo-preparations, events as surprising and convincing as those which had led him north summoned him south again; to wit, the arrival of English colleagues, the refusal of the Calcutta authorities to suffer their residence within the Company's dominions, and, on the other hand, almost a pressing invitation from the stalwart little Governor of Danish *Serampore* that they should settle there, under a promise of unrestricted freedom for their missionary activities, in gratitude for the friendship and nobleness of Schwartz, the recent beloved saint of Tanjore. It must ever be accounted to Britain for blindness that when this band of English men and women reached Calcutta, including the immortal Marshmans and Ward, our authorities denied them entrance, and it was left to Denmark again to show them kindness, and to grant them protection and a free hand. Nor let it be forgotten that to the influence of Schwartz India was indebted for all that Serampore got grace to be and do.

Carey halted awhile on account of his considerable

outlay on his new indigo-venture, but soon was fully convinced, and in a few weeks he and all his were with the new-comers in Serampore, which was destined to be the station and centre of all the rest of his long Indian career. The sense of having been lifted out of straitenment and solitariness into a multitude of mercies filled his spirit. He had indeed "enlarged the place of his tent, and stretched forth the curtains of his habitation." How could he but rejoice in the broad waterway, the Hooghly, offering access to everywhere; in the well-ordered town and its liberal-minded Governor; in its sufficient stir, yet seclusion; in the proximity of Calcutta without least irk from its control; in his new colleagues and the comfort-bringing women, and their cluster of little children; in the fresh interests and companionships for his own boys; in the joy of being wanted, and the chance, through escape from business cares, of concentration on his missionary tasks; and, not least, in the possible easement and cheer for his melancholy wife? All this made that *January*, 1800, a most providential new beginning. Moreover, Marshman and Ward brought him full first-hand news of Ryland and Sutcliff, of Fawcett and Fuller, Webster Morris and Pearce; great tidings, too, of other Missionary Societies enthusiastically formed in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow under the immediate inspiration of their own; of missionaries already sent to Tahiti; and of the brothers Haldane blazing Scotland with the Gospel.

Carey would fain have reciprocated with stories of Indian conversions, but neither to Thomas nor to himself had this joy as yet been granted. He could, however, tell of spiritual quickenings amongst Civil Servants, and of a Portuguese merchant from China, whose new faith and fervour were blessing his whole district. Carey was persuaded that Indian fruit would soon ripen under the warm new conditions with the multiplied workers.

Yet these conditions brought their own problems and perils. For himself they were another testing. Hitherto he had, so to speak, been responsible only to himself. Now he was one of several, with colleagues and their wives to consider and consult. Fortunately he was "a good mixer"; no moodiness of the solitary, no overbearance, no exaggerated self-esteem, nor jealousy in the exercise of authority, but quickness to recognize excellence in others and to share with them decisions. Besides, with such cordial and able colleagues, team-work was easy. Marshman was even bent on doing two men's work, because he who had incited him to join in this missionary enterprise was already in his grave in Serampore. He would be "baptized for the dead," he said. And Ward—Carey's aforetime eager listener in Rippon's Church, London—felt in a very heaven of privilege at being the New Testament's first printer in the vernacular of Bengal. He and Marshman sprang to Carey's proposal that they should have all things in common in the Mission, after the

manner of the Moravians, none ever making gain for himself, but all devoting all that they might earn to meet the necessities of the Settlement and towards the constant extension of the work. The Marshmans soon showed what spirit they were of by opening boarding-schools for the children of Civil Servants and merchants and others, which met a great want, and, in the course of the years, exercised a strong Christian influence over hundreds of European children and their families, and earned thousands of pounds for the Mission's advance. Indeed, they all proved worthy of one another and of the cause. They possessed in full measure the three essentials to successful co-operation—character, ability and the spirit of comradeship.

Those who have shared the secrets of mission-stations know that, even amongst devoted workers, misunderstandings can fester into tragedies of estrangement, and even of hate. Lest any such bitterness should poison Serampore, Carey, the practical idealist, after a secret vow that he himself would never be the conscious cause of friction, proposed a weekly meeting, wherein any complaints could be ventilated for explanation and adjustment, or for acknowledgment and pardon. This simple Christian treatment, and the spirit that was in them all, kept the fellowship throughout the years healthful and clean.

The freshmen were fascinated to watch Carey at the work he loved the best, the preaching of the

Gospel in the open to the Bengalis. For the most part his listeners were respectful and inoffensive. But not seldom the Brahmins would excite them to abuse. Even so modern a book as *Rethinking Missions* declares that "the power and influence of India's priestly class was probably more deplorable than that of the corresponding class in the old régimes of Turkey and of Russia." So Carey might well at times be driven to deprecation, to caustic and indignant challenge, after the manner of Elijah and the Baptizer and Christ. At other times it was the people's coarseness and cowardice and cunning that roused him. But, as Ward testifies, his frequentest theme was the grace of the Saviour. And his listeners were never so quiet as when he led them where the divine Lord was crucified, Who died to save them all. Preacher and hearers could then alike be moved to tears. And yet none made the really reliable response, and Carey was often heart-sick and weary.

Because Spurgeon was born in the year of Carey's death, their centenaries were in 1934 kept together, and often their stories were told to the same fellowships the same day. And they had much in common. Yet their experiences were sharp contrasts. Spurgeon had taken London by storm by the time he was twenty-two. No buildings could hold the crowds that thronged to see and hear him. Beyond any others he was caricatured and wronged, but beyond any others he was lauded and loved. Conversions

were constant. Seed-time and harvest were in instant succession: the sower and the reaper were one. But with Carey how different! He had to strive and cry for years before he could constrain even his brother-ministers to heed the Voice which to himself was so evident and urgent. Then, when he reached his field of service, he prayed and yearned and preached seven other years to no sure Indian effect, "till he was almost dried up by discouragement."

But, presently, in the October of 1800, his own oldest son Felix, under the wise wooing of Ward, for which Carey could never sufficiently love his colleague, was completely changed from the roughness of a tiger to the gentleness of a lamb, and the crowds wondered at the boy-preacher joining with his father in testifying, in perfect Bengali, out of his own vital experience the Saviourship of Christ. The whole mission-circle was kindled, and Carey sang silent magnificats all the day long.

"How soon a smile of God can change the world!"

Then the still greater joy they all coveted was theirs. They won for Christ their first Indian, and at a time when, to their most opportune help, Dr. Thomas was also with them. For what the Bengali sought at their hands was deliverance from the pain and peril of a dislocated shoulder. But what he gained, besides this relief, was wondrous news of a

divine Saviour, who had borne all the cost and curse of our sinning, and for our life given up His own. This Gospel was so commended to him by their eager and gratuitous healing of his broken body, and by all the love that was shown to him and his through many days, that at length he received it as the very truth and mercy of heaven. Then they all magnified the Lord together for this triumph of medical missions, and Carey's seven years of waiting and Thomas's more years seemed but as the affliction of a moment over against the weight of this glory. And yet this *Krishna Pal*, with whom they so rejoiced, was no Brahmin, no pundit. He was just a carpenter, but infinitely precious for his own sake, and as Bengal's intrepid Christian pioneer. Nor did they miss the fitness of an Indian carpenter being the first Bengali to follow the Divine.

Modern students of missions urge that converts should not be sundered from their old contexts, that an abrupt breach with tradition which throws a man out of relation with his own society cannot be desirable nor fair, and that a new life which begins with an amputation can scarcely reach full vigour! But it was in no narrowness nor inflexibility of mind that Carey and his colleagues invited Krishna Pal to break caste by eating and drinking with them as the token of the new brotherhood which he was entering and making. For with the spirit of caste, which had proved itself to be the chain of India's social order and the curse of her religion, they were resolved to

make no pact. And over against all the confusion and scandal which overtook South Indian Churches, which followed an opposite course, the verdict of experience is incontestably with Serampore.

The open immersion, also, upon confession of his faith, to which they called Krishna Pal, whilst dictated by their own Baptist practice, was peculiarly accordant with Indian religious custom, and has since become very general in the Churches of the East. Xavier, though aware that it was only like an explorer's hoisting of a flag over a new territory to claim it for his king, counted it gain for his Church that he should baptize in Christ's name hosts of infants and of compelled confessors, making, as he reckoned, the beginning of a beginning. But with the convinced and courageous Krishna Pal, Christ could truly lay the first living stone of his Bengal Church. That his conversion was really the inflow into his soul of Christ's abundant life was proven by his meekness under taunts, his firmness under persecution, by the tender and enduring hymns he wrought and set to Bengali tunes, the sacrifices he made for the diffusion of the Truth, the skill with which he guided other seekers, and, above all, by the overflowing joy which he communicated to his wife and her sister and a widow-friend and all his children. And thus it came to pass that his baptism did not disrupt his home, nor sever him from his kindred; but Bengal saw grow up in its midst the new and beautiful miracle of a glad Christian household. For Seram-

pore it changed the face of all things. They beheld Satan fallen as lightning from heaven.

Very soon after these exciting days Carey's Bengali New Testament was issued from the Mission Press, through the zeal and the printing-genius of Ward; and the little Church, now including three brave Indian women, lifted their doxologies for the Book which was to be their country's bread and wine. The New Testament, on any reckoning, is man's most valuable possession. So that was a historic day in March, 1801, when this treasure was for the first time printed and ready for India's most populous province—the *first people's book ever printed in Bengal*, and destined to become the foundation and the fountain of a whole new and rich Bengali literature. It was heaven's best modern gift to Bengal, and mediated through seven years of Carey's industry and patience. He had fashioned and written every word. He little dreamed on that evening of their thanksgivings that, before his course should be run, he would give this same New Testament to thirty different Indian peoples in their thirty diverse tongues. As his knowledge of Bengali ripened, till it was unrivalled, he issued ever worthier versions of this Bengali Testament. Eight revisions and editions he published. To perfect it to the utmost was his dearest ambition. Yet even its first rendering must have had charm and power, for his converts loved it. They said it soon became sweeter to them than even the *Gita*, the familiar and favourite core of the *Mahabharata*. It

must have sounded native to their ears. And we know of a group of dissolute men, who were so touched by its reading and re-reading, ere they knew aught of whence it came, that they and their village earned an uncommon reputation for kindness and truth.

That Carey sustained in himself and cherished in his colleagues the interdenominational mind, though still Baptist, is illustrated by the wise, warm, lengthy letter which he and they sent to Vanderkemp, as soon as they learned that he had gone as the London Missionary Society's first missionary to the Kaffirs. It ended thus :

“ We long to know you more intimately, to pray for you more heartily; to sympathize with you more affectionately, and to rejoice with you in a more lively strain. . . . Let a union between Africa and Asia be cemented by our means.”

Carey's Bengali New Testament was published at the very time when Calcutta Chaplains were daily conferring with Marquis Wellesley about the Government College which he as Governor-General was establishing for the worthier training of the Company's Civil Servants towards their greating responsibilities. One of their most pressing cares was to find an adequate British Professor of Bengali, as being the language which most of the students would need to acquire. Carey's just-published Bengali New Testament seemed to supply the answer and to

indicate the man. No other had any such achievement to his credit, nor could speak the language as he. He was almost as familiar with it as with his mother-tongue. All this was reported to the Marquis. He may have had some misgivings on the ground of Carey's missionary vocation, but these were soon outweighed, and very early one morning a messenger from the Governor-General's country-seat crossed the river to solicit Carey's consent to nomination for this Chair. It was all very surprising, perhaps a little amusing, to the man who had been obliged to enter the land without permit, and who still with his colleagues was living under the protection of the Danes, because the East India Co. had inhibited them from residence and service within its own borders. He was, however, very diffident of his adequate ability for a task so responsible and novel; for he had never known the life of English Public Schools and Colleges, whereas all these Calcutta students would have had these great chances. That he would be a Free Churchman on the staff of an Anglican establishment was a further embarrassment. Nor did he wish to be involved in Government service, lest his missionary appeal to the people might suffer by his being regarded as an agent of an imposed extraneous Power. Moreover, the weekly necessary absence in Calcutta would be a serious inroad on his time, although he could also see it yielding him more leisure. And it would add to the burdens of his Serampore colleagues, though again it would expedite the

development of their powers. Touching his ill wife he was comforted that she was often more normal in his absence. On the other hand, the position would give him contact with several of India's brilliant European scholars, and with pundits of the finest independence and strength; it would allow him to influence the lives of many future administrators of India; and it would provide a degree of probable protection for the Mission in case of emergencies, and always a handsome income for the advancement of the work. So, although the path was not as unmistakable as had been the summons to the north and then to Serampore, Carey tremblingly consented, and was launched on what proved to be the most influential and extensive service of his life. It was another lengthening of his cords and enlarging of the place of his tent.

At first he was ranked as only Tutor, through the impediment of his free churchmanship; but his efficiency soon won him the full Professorship, with the corresponding large increase of his pay; and not only the Professorship of Bengali, but of Sanskrit and of Marathi as well, the Chair of Sanskrit being a supreme task and trust and honour, setting him in the esteem of the pundits in the College's cardinal place. Dr. Farquahar says :

“The Government which rejected missionaries as dangerous to their Hindu subjects sent for their leader to teach the sacred language and the sacred

books. The despised shoemaker became India's first European Professor of Sanskrit. He was well-paid, too, for his service: but he used every rupee for the furtherance of the great object which he had at heart; so that the anti-missionary Company not only honoured the missionary, but provided the money for his work."

This Fort William Professorship made him a half-time Calcutta resident for thirty years. He shared the life of that "no mean city," when it was the central seat of India's British Authority. The free air of the Professorial common-room he breathed as naturally as he had in Leicester that of its Philosophical Institute. His colleagues found him always the broad-minded Christian gentleman and scientist and scholar. Writing years later to a son of his, who was entering the Government service as Director of Education in the isles of the Moluccas, he said:

"Behave affably to all, cringingly and unsteadily to none. Feel that you are a man, and always act with dignified sincerity, which will command men's respect. Seek not the society of worldly men, but when called to be with them, act and converse with propriety and dignity. To this end labour to gain a good acquaintance with men and things. A gentleman is the next best character after a Christian, and the latter includes the former. Neither money nor a fine appearance ever makes

a gentleman, but an enlarged understanding joined to engaging manners."

This was really an unconscious portrait of himself as his fellow-Professors and his students knew him. He was always "enlarging his own understanding," and his pundits admired his swift appreciation of all that was best in the culture of their race, being no iconoclast, but a reverent restorer and completer of what was worthy. He kept goading them, and not in vain, to produce books in their vernaculars of historical or literary account. His room in the College became "the recognized centre of Bengal's literary activity." Under the sanction of the College, and with a grant from its funds, he and Marshman issued for scholars a collated text and a translation of a large part of India's great epic *The Ramayana*, which was its introduction to the English-speaking world. Through four years they gave their scanty leisure to this labour, and would have completed it, had it not been for a devastating fire. To Andrew Fuller in far insular Britain, and exclusively absorbed in the religious interests of the Mission, it was "a piece of lumber"; of the whole thing he was impatient. But Carey's and Marshman's grief over its polytheistic aspects and influence could not blind them to its human interest, its racial expressiveness and its literary power. It was India's *Iliad*. So, whilst it was their passion to give to all possible Indian peoples the Scriptures, which had meant so

much to the West, they also judged it good to offer to the scholars of the West this epic of the East—and the more so seeing that its profits were to be devoted to the advancement of their mission-work. Then, in order to forward every kind of Indian and Indo-European literary endeavour, Carey compiled three massive *Dictionaries, a Bengali, a Marathi, and a Sanskrit*. The first was declared by Professor H. H. Wilson of Oxford (himself a notable Indian lexicographer) to have been, with its 80,000 words, “unique in those days for its erudite and philological completeness.”

Of all the Professors appointed to the College by its founder, Carey alone remained on the staff to the end of its teaching-existence, becoming its one patriarch, and in the public esteem “almost as much the College in his own person as were the other Professors put together.” His pundits and he worked so cordially with one another that several of them were yoked with him either till death or their honourable promotion, when their sons took their places, or till they had earned their pensions, or throughout his thirty years.

He once wrote sadly of his eldest son, when in the service of the Burmese emperor, that he had “shrivelled from a missionary into an ambassador,” though many a father might have hailed it as advance. But none could ever say of him that he had “shrivelled from a missionary into a Professor.” First things remained first. Neither his fellow-

Professors nor his students could mistake his breadth of outlook for shallowness. They knew him to be the intense and fearless Christian. Restraint was upon him, of course, in his classroom, but out of hours and in his city-lodgings he was free, and thither he would gather as many as he could, to share with them his Christian convictions, and to goad them towards translating the spirit of Jesus into their public and personal life. Many of them became very noble administrators and reformers, like Butterworth Bayley and Charles Metcalfe, who by brilliant ability and undeviating integrity rose to highest offices of state; and Richard Jenkins and Brian Hodgson and Byam Martin, respectively "Residents" of Nagpur and Nepal and the Moluccas, and wholly devoted to the best interests of their peoples; and, for just a little while in Carey's old age, John Lawrence, the greatest Governor of the Punjab, and Britain's rock in the whirlpool of the Mutiny. "These and men like these," says Dr. George Smith, "sat at Carey's feet, where they learned not only to be scholars, but to treat the peoples of India kindly." Another Civil Servant, a convert of Carey's from North Bengal, used often to join the earnest-minded men in his Calcutta lodgings, and was so impressed by his Christian social teaching that, on inheriting West Indian estates, he hastened to negotiate the emancipation of the slaves.

That Carey guarded himself against everything in the College atmosphere that might infect him

with indifference or disdain for the masses of the people is seen from the zeal with which he welcomed even the humblest "enquirers" into his lodgings week by week, and from the Benevolent School he founded in the City for the wild-running low-caste and Eurasian children of the streets, and from his visits to prisoners in the gaol, and from his purpose, soon fulfilled, to build a beauteous sanctuary in "Lall Bazar," Calcutta's most dissolute street. He moved amongst the mighty, but never lost the common touch. As he once wrote to Felix: "Never let European pride or superiority appear at the Mission House, Rangoon." When it came to be known that the more than £1,100 a year he was earning in the College was all devoted to India's service, the people understood how different was his relation to the Government from that of others, and his missionary appeal, instead of suffering, gathered force.

Great encouragements God gave them. For Kyasts, or writers, like Pitambar Singh, and Brahmins, even the purest-blooded, were led into the Faith, and linked themselves with the Fellowship. Pitambar Singh had scorned the idea of light reaching him from the West, but he became their strongest Christian thinker, and their wisest expositor of St. Paul. And young Krishna Prasad, *the first Brahmin to be baptized*, proved himself most intrepid until his death at twenty-four, preaching Christ everywhere to his fellow-countrymen and to Europeans,

and by his nobleness adorning all that he taught. Also, a great thing happened in what was at that time just a village across the unbridged Hooghly, but is now densely-peopled Howrah. Ward left there, for whosoever could read it to his neighbours, Carey's just-issued Bengali New Testament. That very first night it opened the hearts of four villagers—a foundry-man from the Fort; an ardent idolater, just planning a pilgrimage to Jagannath's temple in Puri; a "writer," and a fisherman. "They saw through their tears the light which the Holy Spirit shed into their hearts, making them hate their idolatries and sins." They read their treasure to their wives, nor ceased to love and study it, until in 1804 in two successive companies they all, and the sons and daughters-in-law of the foundry-man, made a pilgrimage to Serampore, where they told their wondrous tale and were presently baptized—more than a dozen out of four households thus dedicating themselves to Christ Jesus, the new Faith not disrupting their homes, but uniting them in deep blessedness. The fisherman still pursued his avocation, but his three comrades devoted their whole lives to the service of the Gospel. What heartening for Carey and his biblical translation-work! It had all been so instant and sustained and progressive, although unaided by any missionary's presence and guidance.

Then many other converts ventured every-whither with the new tidings, facing the utmost contumely

and wrath. And, like St. Paul, Carey did not shrink from entrusting the gifted ones with responsible leadership. In spite of their age-long Hindu tradition, he counted on Christ's upholding grace; and, unwilling to keep them in leading-strings, sent them forth in pairs, or even singly, on errands of much consequence. For he had long been persuaded that "the weight of the great work would need increasingly to rest on Indians themselves." And thus the Faith began to be indigenous. India commended it to India, and not as something foreign or exotic, but as the fulfilment of all their quests. And all shared a new joy as the middle walls of partition kept sinking out of sight, and believers of the many castes and of no caste, and Moslems as well as Hindus, took the Communion together, and in equal love the covenanting cup. And Carey could write home:

"We have tried our weapons, and have proved their power. The Cross is mightier than the Caste. We shall be more than conquerors."

Discouragements, of course, would sometimes sober their delights. As with St. Paul amongst his converts in Galatia and Thessalonica, in Corinth and even in Philippi, and as with the Master Himself in Galilee and even in the circle of the Twelve, so was it with Serampore. The very family of Krishna Pal, their first-fruits, became more than once their distress, by reason of "the broken vow, the frequent fall." Yet, through the years they did grow in stead-

fastness and grace. And Krishna Pal himself dared to go preaching into Orissa with another Indian convert, and once for a few days, alone, to Benares itself, and later for months to Assam, without a companion, where he won many a trophy for his Lord.

Thanks to pressure from Ryland, we are fortunate in possessing the record in 1806 of one of Carey's sample days, of whose events, after his early devotions, these were the chief:

Two hours, with a munshi and a pundit, learning Persian and Telugu (languages of widely different latitudes, origin, structure and script).

Two, correcting proofs of his Bengali Old Testament and his Hindu New Testament.

Three and a half, on duty with his Government students.

Two, with his brilliant chief pundit, translating the New Testament into Sanskrit for the scholars of the East, and the *Ramayana* into English for the scholars of the West.

Two, preparing and preaching a sermon. A city-judge cheered him afterwards with a goodly gift for "Lall Bazar."

One, re-translating *Ezekiel* into Bengali, having scrapped his earlier work.

And this in the June heat of Calcutta, and not for money or fame, but for love of India, and of the holy Book, and of the Book's centre and pearl. His

sheer intellectual ardour also stirs us, "his soul hydroptic with a sacred thirst," like Browning's *Grammarian*; his zest that kept him young, that amazed and exhausted his pundits.

CHAPTER IV

THE EVER-WIDENING ENDEAVOUR

WITH plans for ever-improved and increasing translations of the Scriptures filling his mind, and with skilled Indian preachers emerging, and with funds encouragingly available from the recently-founded Bible Society, and from others, Serampore conceived, and at length achieved, the establishment of a line of Mission Stations right across North India, to be manned jointly by Indians, or Indo-Europeans, and British, to speed the propagation of the Message and the circulation of the Scriptures. They, therefore, appealed to their four hundred Home Churches to send them forty recruits.

While these bold programmes kept enlarging their horizons, the scope of their purpose was, presently, illimitably stretched. For, by a romantic providence, a cultured Armenian, born in China, and thoroughly conversant with its Mandarin and popular tongues, was induced to live with them in Serampore, and to translate there the Armenian Bible into Chinese. And soon a son of Carey's and two of Marshman's and even Marshman himself, were

learning Chinese from this most valued stranger, and the elders dreamed of these sons in due time entering the sealed Empire, familiar with its speech and possessed of the translated Book, to be Christ's pioneers there. They were assuredly "expecting great things from God and attempting great things for Him." Carey insisted that "it was impossible to expect and attempt too much."

Chaplains and non-Baptist missionaries kept arriving from England, and soon from America, at this time, and received great welcomes. They were wonder-struck at the volume, strength and charm of all that they saw at Serampore. The presence there of lowly Christian Brahmins seemed "a sign as convincing as the resurrection of Christ." Had not the renowned orientalist, Sir William Jones, declared that no Brahmin *could* be converted? Amongst these great-souled Chaplains — Corrie, Parsons, Thomason, etc., there was none to whom they were so drawn as to Henry Martyn, the perfect Christian gentleman, the brilliant Cambridge senior wrangler: fellow of St. John's, when only twenty-one, examiner there in Classics and in Philosophy, when only twenty-two and twenty-three. Under the extraordinary spiritual influence there of Charles Simeon of Trinity, who had just secured the founding of what became the Church Missionary Society, all these academic successes had seemed to Martyn only "shadows" in comparison with the direct service of Christ, especially such service as Carey's

in India, of whom Simeon never wearied to tell. That expression of his face, as one who knew him well described it, "so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with divine charity," made him quickly and deeply beloved at Serampore, and they were blest to have him live almost within a bowshot of them, so that through six months they were able to meet one another frequently for fellowship and prayer, "taking sweet counsel together, and going to God's house as friends." "No shadow of bigotry," wrote Carey, "falls on us here." If the spirit of these fellowships could have become the norm of the Christian enterprise in India, the problems of Christian union there might by this time have reached solution, and India's National Christian Church have been gloriously up-built in love.

Carey was overjoyed to find Martyn keen beyond all else for biblical translation-work, and especially in Hindustani, to which he had already given close study on his nine months' voyage out. That with Martyn's scholarly training, his genius for languages and his fine sense of the "spiritual content of words," as Dr. Ogilvie puts it, he was superbly fitted for the task and would easily outpace himself, Carey was soon persuaded. That his mind was increasingly drawn towards winning for Christ the Moslems, the former masters of India, was a deepening gladness, as Carey himself had been able to do little for these. So that was a great night when they all

commended him to God for his new Chaplaincy in Dinapore. With no little diffidence, we may be sure, Carey put into his hands his recently-published Hindi New Testament. How little they imagined that they would never meet again, that in less than six years his breathless race would be run, and still less that in that handbreadth of days he would leave behind him the New Testament not only finely wrought into Hindustani, but into Arabic and Persian as well, and an influence as imperishable as Brainerd's!

Carey's keenness for all possible inter-Church and inter-Mission co-operation prompted him to conceive the plan of bi-decennial World-Missionary Conferences at strategic centres, and to urge Andrew Fuller to get the first summoned for 1810 at the Cape. And his spirit glowed with the possibility of meeting Fuller himself and Ryland there, and the zealots of the London Missionary Society, and the Haldanes of Edinburgh, and his own fervid correspondents in Philadelphia and Boston, and the successors of Eliot and Brainerd amongst the American Indians, and Moravians from the West Indies, and Germans from Sierra Leone, and Robert Morrison from Canton, and Henry Martyn from Cawnpore, and Daniel Corrie from Agra, and Dr. Taylor from Bombay, and Danes from Tranquebar, and Dutch from Ceylon, and his own son Felix from Burmah! He had kept so abreast of things that he seemed to have personal friends in every field. The Conference would have been the

intensest recreation and inspiration of his life, for the pooling of experience and the planning of advance. But, though Fuller "admired Carey's dream as that of an enlarged mind," he could see no sufficient value in it, nor hope of serviceable unity. It took another century for the dream of the practical visionary to find fulfilment in Edinburgh, and later in Jerusalem, and, later still, in Tambaram.

Carey was never gratefuller for the tender communions and intercessions of the Calcutta Chaplains than when there crashed across all their own wide Serampore plans a succession of prohibitions from the Administration in Calcutta, whose officials had, as we have seen, been trained in the distrust of Christian missions. On learning of the terrible Mutiny in Vellore, they were naturally ready to attribute it without investigation to the provocation of missionary propagandism. And, when everyone's nerves were on edge, the authorities could easily be persuaded that missions and the mutiny were cause and effect, although the Madras Presidency, wherein Vellore was located, owed an eternal debt to missions of the Danes. So in the interval between the departure of Marquis Wellesley and the arrival of Lord Minto, and then during the latter's earliest inexperience, the Calcutta Administration issued restrictive and prohibitory measures. Carey was summoned to the Chief Secretary's Office, and, in increasingly severe communications, was instructed that there must be no more preaching in Bengali

in the open, nor in Lall Bazar, no more distribution of pamphlets, no more commissioning of Indian preachers, and, what was worse, the Mission Press was immediately to be transferred to Calcutta. He shrewdly asked whether the Chief Secretary had left these injunctions for him in writing, and, being answered in the negative, refrained from any promise or committal, and withdrew, much disquieted. Most unfortunately, one practical misstep on the part of the Mission Press was established, but it was confessed and explained and repaired. No other least complaint was lodged against them. Yet the authorities were adamant. It was, indeed, another testing of Carey. He alone survived of the pre-Serampore men, both Thomas and Fountain having died. Besides, he was himself in the Government's service, disobedience to whose bidding might be judged as specially blameworthy, and might involve him in the loss of his Professorships, and of all that these meant in the way of widened opportunities and of financial resources for their work. He knew enough, too, of the strength of the undercurrents against them to convince him of the exceeding greatness of their peril. The slightest mistake might be fatal. On the other hand, the courage of their Indian and Indo-European converts was splendid, and the staunchness of their new Danish Governor. Yet the situation became so critical that they had even to contemplate the removal from India of much of their Mission-work and its transference to Burmah. They went so far as to send

a colleague thither to explore. Some of their sympathizers urged a frontal attack on the Government by an open resistance; others the massing of their many Calcutta supporters for a public protest. But the leaders counselled prudence and patience till the storm should blow over. Then, as soon as it was possible after the arrival of Lord Minto, Carey and Marshman went past all the official underlings to the Governor-General himself, taking with them a volume of their translated *Ramayana* and the just-printed sheets of their *Chinese New Testament*. [Very beautiful were these latter. Lifelong Chinese missionaries, to whom I recently showed the originals, could hardly believe that such early artistry had been possible.] None of this was lost on that wise Scot. And, when they told him the story of their work, and how even Brahmins had embraced the Faith and joined their Fellowship, he knew that these were no irresponsibles, but laborious scholars and pure-hearted servants of the best interests of the East. When they quietly added that they would elect to suffer rather than betray their trust (no heresy of a divine totalitarian State being tolerable to them) he realized with what type of leaders he was dealing, and in less than a month yielded on the main issue between them. As Arthur Mayhew says in his *Christianity and the Government of India*:

“It was Carey’s obvious determination to carry out his Master’s commands, whether the Company

willed it or not, that first convinced the authorities that they were faced with spiritual forces which it would be wiser to recognize and control than to combat."

Soon after these days of anxiety Carey's wife came to the end of her long unyielding illness. Words cannot tell the woe it had been to them both. I had a noble ministerial friend who was blest with a sweetly pure and gentle wife, but puerperal fever poisoned her blood, and she became the contrary of all that she had been, and that she truly was. She grew suspicious, cruel and coarse, and worst towards him who loved and sheltered her best. Just this befell the Careys. We have seen how it began with persistent dysentery, appalling destitution, the death of her boy Peter, and the long depressing postal silence. None the less it darkened into a very hell for herself and for Carey. But none will justly lay it to her charge, nor his. It was the price they paid for their heroic pioneering. I often think what a kindly sister and mother she could and would have been to them all in the happy Serampore community, had not her true self been contradicted and subverted by her tragic mental disorder.

The next year Carey seemed to ask for fresh trouble by marrying a life-long invalid, a lady who, from an injury in childhood, had never been able to walk up or down stairs, and had been driven from her Danish home first to the south of France, then to Italy, and

finally to India, always in search of warmth and health; high-born, the daughter of a Danish Count; cultured, knowing and speaking Danish and German, French and Italian; but hopelessly frail and crippled. Yet Carey loved her. Whilst teaching her English, at the Danish Governor's request, he had also taught her infinitely more, the love of Christ, and she had become Serampore's bravest Christian lady, the Mission's great-hearted friend. What little income and property she owned, she gave to her own needy sisters and to Carey's lame ex-soldier brother, and to the Mission. She won the love of all who knew her, whether European or Indian. For thirteen years she and Carey were everything to each other—companionship, comfort, peace. Her deep happiness even brought her spells of never-expected health. Her power to read the Scriptures in the several European versions enabled her to make to Carey many a fruitful suggestion. She was another of the debts the Mission owed to the Danes.

It is a striking tribute to the inspirational influence of missionaries and their homes that their sons and daughters have so often chosen to follow in the track of their fathers. The precedent was set in Serampore. For Felix, Carey's eldest son, pioneered Protestant work in Burmah, to his father's deep gladness and pride: especially medical, linguistic and translation work. William, the next, laboured first in the Malda district of his father's indigo-years, and then in Katwa in Bengal South: not over-strong, but very capable

and indefatigable, working on evangelistic, educational and horticultural lines. The third, Jabez, whilst Government Director of Instruction in the Moluccas and then in newly-conquered Rajputana, made time for much outright honorary missionary service. And last, Jonathan, my own grandfather, though, as a cousin once merrily said to me, "escaping from the old man's clutches," and following the law in Calcutta, often preached, and was ever the generous supporter of the Mission's work, and married a keen educational missionary, the daughter of Samuel Pearce. Always, when I try to form a just judgment of Carey's distraught wife, I think that she surely should have some of the credit for their missionary-hearted sons. Their only daughter had died in infancy.

When Carey had for years been the Government College Professor of Bengali, Marathi and Sanskrit, and had published the whole Bible in Bengali, and the New Testament in Oriya, in Hindi, in Marathi and in Sanskrit, and two of his sons were toiling for Christ in Burmah and Bengal, he was humiliated and anguished to learn that at home the whole Mission had been held up to the utmost challenge and derision by ex-officers both of the Indian Army and of the Civil Service as at once beneath contempt, and yet a desperate danger; "their preaching rant of the worst kind, and they themselves as illiterate and ignorant as India's wildest fanatics." Even in the most brilliant magazine of Britain, Sydney Smith

had branded them "as a nest of consecrated cobblers, extravagant and pernicious, benefiting Britain by their absence more than India by their advice." It was a brutal requital for all their chivalry and toil. Not even the later vindications of their service by Directors of the East India Co. and by ex-Governors-General, and men of letters like Southey, could extract the whole sting. Carey strove to quiet his own spirit by saying: "He who cannot follow his Master through ill report cannot follow Him at all."

They had scarcely calmed their hearts from the slanders of these would-be destroyers of the Mission, when they were smitten by the actual devastation by fire of the building which was the centre of all their labours and hopes. Heaven itself seemed to deal them a shattering blow. Their press was burnt to the ground, consuming in its folds many thousands of reams of paper; melting into shapelessness their large supply of diverse Indian types, so that "they had not enough left with which to print a statement of their loss"; and destroying scores of thousands of sheets of printed multi-lingual Indian Scriptures, representing the labour and achievement of twelve years.

All this was tragical enough, but it was little in comparison with Carey's irrecoverable manuscript-losses—portions of all his Indian Scripture versions, all his Kanarese New Testament, two large Old Testament books in Sanskrit, almost all his Punjabi and Telugu Grammars, a year's work of Marshman

and himself on the *Ramayana*, much of his beloved *Bengali Dictionary*, and nearly every vestige of his ambitious *Dictionary of Sanskrit and its Cognates*, which was meant to be his greatest contribution to Indian philology. The toil of long years was consumed in less than as many hours—a sickening and agonizing experience, like Carlyle's later. Carey felt beaten, stripped and stunned. He soon, however, realized, with the rest, the mercies that had mingled with the catastrophe—that no lives had been lost, and no other building involved in the ruin, and that the presses and matrices and punches had been almost miraculously preserved and recovered. Still, his heart knew its own bitterness. But he refused to be dismayed. At first, he had described himself as “overwhelmed by the blow of God's hand,” but, directly, he resolved to turn the blow into a blessing. He could not hope to overtake all that had perished, but he was determined that none of his Indian Scripture translations should suffer. His *Dictionary of Sanskrit and its Cognates* he would relinquish, and the completing of the *Ramayana*, though these cost his pride sharp pangs; but all the ruined Scriptures he would restore, and make them the worthier through his rapidly-growing knowledge. The calamity should become a providence. He stood amazed at the swiftness with which his personal friends and his Government students, past and present, and the public of Calcutta rushed to their monetary help, and at the generalship of Ward, by which the press was quickly

in full swing again, and they were printing in a year in more languages than before the disaster.

The charred débris of the fire can scarcely have disappeared before there arrived in Serampore young missionaries who were destined to become illustrious—Adoniram and Ann Judson. With other Congregationalists they had voyaged as the emissaries of the first American denomination to send missionary-representatives to the Orient. To what eastern people they should give themselves was not yet determined, and the hostility of the British authorities in the East to missions anywhere, made the fixture of locations very difficult. In the meantime the Judsons were for several months the guests of Serampore, their being envoys of a non-Baptist Mission making no difference. Their hosts could quickly sense their quality and worth. Presently, Serampore was embarrassed to learn that, during their four months' voyage, and since, their minds, against their wills, had been in the toils of a great dilemma, which had ended in their reaching Baptist convictions. On this divisive question Serampore, according to its honourable wont with its many non-Baptist visitors and guests, had breathed no syllable, nor ever dreamed of such a dénouement. But it ended in the Judsons joining Felix Carey in Rangoon, and in the Baptists of America organizing a splendid Missionary Union of their own, and adopting the Judsons. Judson always looked back to his months in Serampore as to "the greenest spot in memory's waste," and Serampore

was ever proud to have lodged these heroes. They dwelt in Felix Carey's home for many months, and his Burmese dictionary and grammar, and his Gospels of "Matthew" and "Mark" speeded them through the initial stages of their imperishable work.

Serampore's joy over the Burman developments was soon succeeded by another, as, thanks to the superb leadership of Andrew Fuller, there came the quickest possible postal response to their S.O.S. concerning the fire, and a very spate of loving gifts from Britain that covered all the £10,000 of their loss, till it seemed almost good to them to have been afflicted that they might discover the Churches' catholicity and unity and grace.

The next year they learned that to Andrew Fuller again they owed a still heavier debt. For he had again mobilized the Churches, not this time for the raising of money but for the petitioning of Parliament, when the Company's Charter was under discussion, to authorize the presence and service of Christian missionaries in British India. Fuller wakened the Christian conscience, and stormed the Houses of Parliament with petitions. The antagonists of missions were more abusive and intolerant than ever, in what Jabez Bunting described as a very "yell" of opposition. But the Churches remained in continuous vigil and prayer, till in a Parliament that was believed to be mainly adverse, with the Government indifferent, the victory was won by Wilberforce in the Commons, and by Marquis

Wellesley in the Lords—the latter from his personal close knowledge of Carey as Professor of Bengali and Sanskrit in the Government College of his own founding, and the former from intimate acquaintance with the Indian facts and an intense social passion. He made the House even cheer the Serampore three who, having started with such handicaps, had overcome such obstacles, acquired such languages, borne themselves with such discretion, dared such enterprises and achieved such results. Then he added a tribute to which the most mundane could respond :

“ To those who are blind to the moral and even literary excellencies of these missionaries, it may afford an estimate of value better suited to their habits of calculation to hear that, acquiring from £1000 to £1500 a year each by the varied exercise of their talents, they throw the whole into the Mission’s common stock, which they thus support with their pecuniary contributions only less effectively than by their researches and labours of a higher order. They exhibit an extraordinary union of varied and in some sort contradictory qualities—zeal combined with meekness, love with sobriety, courage and energy with prudence and perseverance. I can only admire such eminence of merit as I myself despair to reach.”

Even one of his opponents afterwards wrote :
“ Wilberforce rose at midnight and spoke for two

hours. Yet nobody seemed fatigued. All were pleased by the ingenious artifices of his manner, and most by the glowing language of his heart. Much as I differed from him, it was impossible not to be delighted with his eloquence." He was at the height of his influence. He afterwards published his two speeches of this debate in their entirety, and they were read throughout England. And he thenceforward judged "this Cause of the recognition of our Christian obligation to British India as the greatest that ever interested the heart or engaged the efforts of man." "We carried the day beyond our hope," he said. Years later, the Marquis of Hastings told Marshman and Carey that "this Revision of the Company's Charter and the freedom of entry therein given to Christian missionaries was the fruit under God of their own prudence and wisdom and zeal." And Professor Seeley in his *Expansion of England* says:

"Thus the attempt to keep India as a kind of inviolate Brahminized paradise, into which no European, and especially no missionary, should be suffered to penetrate, came to an end, and England began to pour into India the civilization, the Christianity and science of the West."

Wilberforce, however, could not have prevailed except for the pressure of the Churches, and the Churches would have been unready but for Fuller's arousing. But it cost him his life. The strain of this

struggle broke what little strength remained from his twenty years of unintermitted exertion on behalf of the Mission. By May, 1815, he was exhausted. When announcing his death, the editor of *The Baptist Magazine* wrote :

“ Never have we had a task so distressing, or that will produce so much sorrow in the hearts of our readers, as that of recording the death of the wise, the zealous, the disinterested Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society.”

And, assuredly, when the news reached Carey that October, he was unspeakably bereaved. For beyond all others Fuller had been his staunch home-friend, and the impersonator, sustainer and director of the Mission, its pillar and anchor. “ His name,” *The Baptist Magazine* continued, “ will be united to the latest posterity with that of Carey and the other chieftains of the Indian band.” “ Never,” wrote Webster Morris, “ were two minds more congenial, more powerfully drawn towards one object than Fuller’s and Carey’s, nor less ambitious of the honour arising from its attainment.” Fuller had been the Society’s sleepless watchman, its selfless shepherd and its dauntless captain.

The loss of his leadership soon spelt distress and dismay for Serampore. For, after his passing, following upon Sutcliff’s, the Home Administration of the Mission was removed to London, and came into the hands of a considerable Committee of well-

intentioned but untactful men, of whom very few knew Carey, and not many more knew Marshman and Ward. So the contact tended to become impersonal and official, and the old free friendliness suffered change. The new managers wanted things on too business a basis. They failed to realize the sovereign freedom which the self-supporting pioneers had for so long exercised, to the great advantage of the work. They seemed incapable of duly distinguishing between the large incomes which the elders themselves were earning and devoting to the work and the funds which they from the Home Base were supplying; and of seeing that, whilst over the latter they might reasonably expect a degree of control, they could claim no such authority over the former. They pressed for financial statements and precise pledges such as wise Fuller had never dreamed of. They asked for positive assurances, which had better far have been left to Serampore's honour. They itched to control, where they should have implicitly confided, till the elders were wounded in the house of those who should have been their heartening friends. It was almost pitiful. Carey had been stretched on many a bitter cross—the inertia of the Home Churches, the mental aberration of his wife, the antagonisms of the East India Co., the prohibitions of British Administrations, the contempt of British intellectuals, the destructions of the fire. But the sharpest cross of all was this dissension and distrust. It darkened Serampore's sky for

years, and drained much of the strength they needed for their multiplying undertakings; and when, presently, they heard rumours of contemplated curtailments of their far-flung enterprises, they were tortured. It is scarcely credible that the misunderstandings and misery persisted through more than a decade, and were not dissipated even by the presence and the patience, during their successive furloughs, of Ward and of the Marshmans. I have often wondered whether Carey might have composed the differences, had he returned and met the Home leaders. But his Government College duties and his ceaseless translation work kept him in India. Through the melancholy years he suffered in almost unbroken silence. Neither by lip nor pen would he engage in the conflict, until necessity demanded one single and irrefutable vindication of his honour. He overcame by crowding his days with ever bolder endeavour and achievement, though at times the lone treading of the wine-press was almost more than he could bear. But sometimes he got good cheer. As, for instance, when a letter reached him from Salendine Nook, the mother-Church of the Baptists in the Huddersfield district, containing the story of how, upon hearing at a cottage prayer-meeting at Longwood of the grievous breach between the Society and Serampore, the faithful folk there had opened a subscription fund on the spot, which had resulted in their love-gift of more than £100.

Distance softened for Carey the distressing differ-

ences with the Home Base, but for two or three years there were frictions close at hand. For, soon after their arrival from England for the furtherance of the work, a team of Junior Missionaries drew off from the Seniors. They aspersed the character of Marshman, formed a separate Missionary Union with a rival programme, and even established in Calcutta Institutions competitive with Serampore's, including a place of worship and a new press. That men of fine quality should so have stricken the elders, and especially the great-souled Marshman, is an increasing mystery, and the more when we consider that one of them was a nephew of Carey's, and another the son of his dearly-loved Samuel Pearce. The whole work would have been completely disrupted but for Carey's immovable loyalty to his colleague, and his inexhaustible patience and pursuance of peace. At length, the riven streams flowed side by side, and, later, became one reconciled wide beneficent river.

We have kept seeing Carey setting himself to conquer fresh Indian languages towards Scripture translation. His first ambition and hope did not embrace more than the production of a Bengali, and a Hindi Bible: these two. But daily fellowship with trustworthy pundits in the College in Calcutta stretched for his eager mind the range of the possibilities. Indeed, he so multiplied his hours with these, and so organized their co-operation with one another and himself, that, by the end of his first

twenty-five Indian years, he had added to his complete Bengali and Hindi Bibles the rendering of the entire Book also into Oriya and Marathi, and three-fifths thereof into Panjabi. Nor was this all. For, incredible as it must seem, besides these versions in these allied Sanskritic tongues, he had also wrought the whole Book into Sanskrit itself—his powers of concentration and endurance staggering his pundits.

His *Hindi New Testament*, a supply of which he diffidently gave to Henry Martyn towards his work in the North-West, cannot have been unskilled. We know of a cultured Hindu of Patna, who counted himself rich in a great secret. Somehow a mystic Book had come his way, of whose source he knew nothing. But it weaned him from all idolatry, and he loved to read it privately to thoughtful neighbours, and increasingly regarded it as his holiest possession. And, behold, it proved to be a first edition copy of Carey's Hindi New Testament, which had gripped him with its wonder and power.

On the other hand, Carey's *Marathi Bible* was once savagely assailed in the *Asiatic Journal* by a European, who claimed to be "not amongst the worst of India's scholars": only he prudently withheld his name. He lashed Carey's version as "swarming with every fault of taste, and as shocking common sense," and Carey himself as "a narrow-minded, money-making bigot." "If he could but have acquired a conversancy," he wrote,

“with two or three languages, or even with his mother-tongue, or with any Indian dialect!” Carey writhed under this malice; for this Marathi Bible had cost him the toil of almost daily hours through eighteen years. But he met the onslaught with silence, and trusted his work to the verdict of the future. Presently, however, a British orientalist of brilliant ability entered the lists, and vindicated Carey’s workmanship so completely that there could be no rejoinder. For the merit of his masterly defence, this knight-errant was appointed to the headship of the editorial department of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He did allow that the Version had been rather dialectical, but this was the native dialect of Carey’s Mahratta pundit, and the pundit, not Carey, had to carry the blame. Of this particular defect, however, the critic had said nothing. The chief Mahratta pundit of the East India Co. declared that “all Mahrattas would understand and appreciate Carey’s translation.”

By rendering the whole Bible into Sanskrit Carey brought it within the purview of the scholars of the whole Peninsula from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and in the form which they could both welcome and admire. By clothing it in these Sanskrit robes, he won for it an entrée into India’s cultured circles; whereas, in any robes less classic, it would have been excluded with disdain. He thus haloed the Book for Indian eyes, and trusted that many an Indian scribe and scholar would by its

means be discipled to the kingdom of heaven. He also saw many further possibilities gleaming through the telescope of this Sanskrit Version, as we shall duly discover. For in all this costly labour he was mindful not just of the interests of the learned, but of the many peoples whose vernaculars he might compass by its help.

How Indians could revere and love Carey for his translated New Testaments may be illustrated by a pilgrimage which can be vouched for as no mere legend. For an Indian is known to have walked long ago from his home to a port, whence he voyaged to Liverpool. Thence he found his way on foot to Carey's birth-village in Northamptonshire, and thus also back to Liverpool. Re-voyaging and reaching India again, he walked home, having neither begged nor accepted alms through the whole double journey. He was content to have done honour to the Englishman, to whose loving labour he owed the Book he ever carried with him—one of Carey's Indian New Testaments.

By 1815—Wellington's year—not less than nine hundred belonged to the Serampore fellowship, and they had been cheered by many conversions. Amongst these were other and more Brahmins, and from as far as Delhi and Assam; all Carey's sons; an Armenian headmaster; Indian fishermen; the governor of Calcutta's gaol; an Indian ringleader of lewd songs; a few Moslems; rough British sailors and soldiers; and a priest's slave, who six times had swung

by the flesh-hooks. And several of these had proved themselves valiant evangelists of Christ. Nevertheless, Carey feared that even these many conversions might leave only a transient trace; as he also warned the American Baptists, who were supporting the Judsons in Burmah :

“We know not what are your expectations relative to the Burmese Empire, but we hope that your views are not confined to the immediate conversion of the people by the preaching of the Word. Could a Church of converted Burmans be obtained at Rangoon, it might abide for a while, and then be scattered or perish for want of additions.”

To secure the work's permanency was the problem, and, to solve it, Carey felt himself called to *attempt his greatest thing for God*. He had for fifteen years been Professor in the Government College of Fort William; now he knew that he must found and build a College of his own, *the first Christian College of all India*. None had ever thus ventured before him, neither the Portuguese, nor the Dutch; neither the Danes, nor the Moravians. He was bidden, as never before, “to lengthen his cords and to strengthen his stakes, to fear not and to spare not.”

His colleagues and he were not likely to be daunted by the greatness of a challenge. For Ward had made himself the master pioneer-printer of Asia, and Marshman had completed his text and translation of the *Works of Confucius*, and his *Chinese New Testa-*

ment, and Carey had already published four Indian Bibles and three massive Indian Dictionaries. They knew "how to match God's great things with their own."

The wide scope of their purposed College is our surprise. That they should have felt constrained to establish a theological academy for the training of preachers we can readily understand; for the provision of adequate Indian preachers must have pressed very strongly upon them. They realized that they could never grow, as they wished, a self-reliant, self-supporting, self-propagating and self-governing Indian Church, unless they could produce capable and wise Indian preachers and pastors. So this was of necessity one of their primal solitudes. But that they should dare vastly more takes us aback. The truth is that Carey's whole outlook had been unconsciously broadened by his contacts in the Government College, which, though comparatively small, had a university spirit. Only what was catholic could now content him. So he set himself to build a college that should aim at growing all manner of progressive and, if possible, Christian native leaders for the new India, on the verge of which he felt himself standing—not preachers only, but jurists, doctors, men of letters and even merchants; as Marshman later reports to a Liverpool friend: "Every native youth of talents is here offered an education which raises him above the generality of the Brahmins, whether to serve society in a legal, medical or literary capacity, or to be

engaged in commerce." "Nothing is more remarkable," exclaims Dr. Howells, "than the breadth of their interpretation of the missionary aim."

That same breadth is also expressed in the devised threefold curriculum, which may be described as *Sanskritic, Scientific and Scriptural*. Touching the first, it seemed axiomatic to Carey that young Indians, who were to be trained towards the leadership of their fatherland, should first be expected and enabled to explore their own Classics, the background of all their intellectual and religious life. Hitherto, this domain had been ring-fenced by and for the high-born, the Brahmins. Carey proposed to claim it as the just inheritance of all who were prepared to pay the exacting price of its attainment; as, indeed, he himself had, and to his rich and increasing reward. From his own experience, which Marshman fully shared, he believed this native learning and literature to be fundamental for its own sake, and for adequate influence in India. And, of course, Indians could acquire it far more readily than students from the West. It was their mother-milk.

The scientific would be both the counterpart and the corrective of the Sanskritic. For India too easily lost the objective in the subjective, the actual in the illusory. The sciences would help to fasten them to fact, and would dispel a thousand superstitions. Carey's own mind had been unspeakably disciplined, enlightened and furnished by his life-long devotion to natural history and to botany. He was persuaded

that no sound education could afford to neglect the strictly scientific. That is a valuable suggestion of Dr. Belcher's in his long-ago and earliest American "Life" of him :

"It must have been owing to his simplicity of character that in science he would hear of nothing but *facts* and pure rigid induction. Linnæus was pre-eminently admired by him, and the Comte de Buffon almost condemned."

Then the Course was to be crowned with the Scriptures, to which the West owed the best light of all its seeing, and to mediate which to India had been the blessedness of Carey's life. These Books he knew could regenerate India into ennobling conceptions of God and man and service. They were to be given in the College the supreme place of honour for the invited study of every man; the invited, but never the coerced. Constraint would defeat itself. All his life Carey had been a fiery advocate of freedom. "No one," wrote Marshman, "will ever be constrained to attend a lecture which would offend his conscience. Every ingenuous youth who loves knowledge and is able to support himself may attend the lectures, and live according to his own ideas of caste. It will be his business to guard his mind against that light which will shine around him on every side." With the whole staff of the College ardently Christian, they meant to make the Faith as inviting and irresistible as possible, though never doing moral

violence to any. Let the students escape from the heat and the light, if they could. And, for their own part, they did not fear to have youths of diverse races and creeds live together. The unfettered freedom of Moslems and Hindus in daily contact with the sons of Indian Christians would make for virility. They would learn to probe and prove all things, the better to hold fast the good. Nor did it occur to Serampore that education and evangelism were rivals. They counted them sisters, all education being impregnated with the religious spirit, and the whole temper of the College demonstrating that Jesus was man's one sure Way and Truth and Life.

It was taken for granted that the vehicle of all this education was to be the vernacular, aiming as it did, not at fitting Indian youths for Government clerkships, but at preparing them for the guidance and service of their own Indian people. Fifteen years later the due method and medium would have been hotly debated. But that day was not yet.

It was pure delight for Carey and Marshman to sink this well from which succeeding generations would be able to drink, to offer this higher education to the young men of India, and to do more, much more, for the sons of their native Christians: for to these was to be granted in the College *free residence and board*—not as a bribe, but because these were of necessity their brightest hope. So to these the gift was to be complete. They could never forget how in their own early years they had vainly coveted such

chances. By the handicaps of their own lives they revelled in easing the running for others.

The original design and purpose of the College included a medical school, a laboratory and an observatory, which great anxieties prevented their accomplishing. The "eight acres contiguous to their own premises" and the noble building which they set thereon were final tokens of the breadth and boldness of their conceptions and ideals. The cost, which ran into more than £15,000, they met chiefly by their own earnings, supplemented by gifts they secured in India and from beyond—Ward on his furlough raising not less than £3,000 from Britain, Germany, Holland and the United States.

How adventurous the whole thing was can best be gauged by remembering that it was the pioneer such attempt on any modern mission field; that the British Government in India had not as yet lifted a finger for the *people's* education; that even in England our Universities were narrowly exclusive, and our Colleges, including the Theological, were few and on very contracted lines; and that even many donors to Serampore strictly earmarked their contributions for only the biblical portion of its education, both the Sanskrit and the Scientific being disapproved and taboo.

Warden Stephen Neill, of Tinnevely fame, in his *Builders of the Indian Church*, acclaims Carey as "the incomparable pioneer," but is inclined to think he was "over-generous in his estimate of the powers

of his students, and too ambitious in his plans." Noble faults, at any rate: but, perhaps, not quite proven. For in the College's first year thirty-seven students were enrolled; nineteen Christians, fourteen Hindus and four others: and in the second year seventeen men were learning Sanskrit, and were outpacing the students in Calcutta's Hindu College: and, before very long, eight men were purposing missionary service, and were Carey's comfort and pride. Surely all this was a very substantial vindication of his faith. That "modern educational Indian ideals have rather returned nearer to Carey than moved farther away," Stephen Neill is persuaded. Nor should we be surprised. For, as modern India reacts from much that anglicizes their country, they naturally revert to Carey's Indian objective, and therewith to his method for training Indian leaders for India's development. "It is surely," says Dr. Howells, "a striking testimony to Carey's and Marshman's greatness that the lines they so clearly marked out as the basis for an Indian Christian University are those which commend themselves to to-day's most progressive missionary thought."

Carey loved to hasten back on Friday evenings from his Government College duties to his own College with its Christian atmosphere. During the week-ends he always gave illustrated botany-talks, and theology lectures from his deep knowledge of the Book he had pondered and translated so often. When Dr. Jowett asked Dr. Clifford for "the secret of his

never-withering leaf," the answer given was, "Live with and for the young." And Carey's daily fellowship with the young in Calcutta, and still more in Serampore, kept his own soul youthful.

The University spirit which Carey breathed into his own College led to the choice of Edinburgh and Glasgow University men as the first specially-appointed Professors for Serampore—John Mack and John Leechman, both of the finest ability and spirit. These, with the elders, and with Felix Carey—"linguistically as surprising as his father" according to the *Asiatic Journal*—and with brilliant John Clark Marshman, made a strong College staff. The catholicity of the elders is strikingly shown in the liberal *statutes* they drew up for the future governance of the College, *statutes* which have encouraged all the modern inter-collegiate developments, under the lead of Dr. Howells, to the renewal of Serampore's youth, as the vital centre of all India's higher theological learning. So it was not unbecoming and impertinent of Marshman in 1827 to go in person to Copenhagen to solicit on its behalf a Royal Charter from the Danish King. He was not suing for a large status for a little institution, or, as Dr. Parker would have put it, for "an eagle to sit on a sparrow's nest." The College was worthy, and made the little Danish Settlement immortal, and has become an integral element in India's progressive life, in virtue of its catholic staff and Senate and Council, and its unique and sole authority, now regularly exercised, to confer

theological degrees. King Frederick VI would fain have also bestowed high decorations on the pioneers themselves; but these, with their wonted modesty, judged them to be not quite in keeping with their missionary vocation.

Serampore can scarcely ever have had a happier day than when in November, 1821, Ward and Mrs. Marshman returned from their long absences, bringing Mack for the College, and the Bamptons and Pegg, new missionaries from Carey's own East-Midland district of England. These last had thrilling stories to tell of how the General Baptist Churches, which were the less Calvinistic, had been kindled into missionary enthusiasm by J. G. Pike of the *Persuasives*, and how the meeting-houses had been thronged in their native towns for their eventual farewells, Ward himself sharing in Bampton's ordination in Loughborough; and how they had been commissioned to India, and bidden to consult Carey as to the best location of their sphere. Now Carey's mind had for a long time been engaged in especial solicitude for Orissa, whither they had sent a few of their ablest Indian preachers. But for its eight millions of people, entrenched in the most superstitious forms of Hinduism in that fortress of Jaganath, a strong Christian mission was urgently needed. So he counselled this Province, though the adversaries would be many and great. But how he rejoiced that he could give them weapons for their warfare, the five volumes of his already completed Oriya

Bible, to aid their acquisition of the language and the proclamation of their News. He loved this co-operation, on the field, of Baptist forces which were disunited at home, and dared to hope that the home forces might draw closer to one another by the help of this Indian co-operation: as they by-and-by did, till they were one. Bampton and Pegg and the greathearts who followed them made Cuttack in Orissa a second Serampore.

Great bereavements befell Carey during the early years of Serampore College: the lady, who had shown him what a wife's love could be, and whose soul had grown one with his own; Krishna Pal, who had become a very Peter of Christian courage and strength; Felix, whose steadfastness of skilled and modest service was once more his father's stay; Ward, the dear colleague of his own long-ago finding and inspiring, whose genius and good-humour and fervour had been his ceaseless joy; and Ryland, "dearest of any man in the world to him." These were terrible wrenches. And yet goodness and mercy did not fail him all the days. For a Christoper Anderson, of whom Fuller had often written to him in glowing terms, seemed to step into Ryland's place. And Serampore realized that Ward had been spared to them long enough to train a goodly body of craftsmen, who could sustain and develop the press. And Mack was almost a reincarnation of him, a benediction to everyone, and a winner of the students to Christ. And Felix had

left behind him for the needs of the College good text-books of history and science, as well as the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* in exquisite Bengali. The first Bengali treatise on medicine was his. And Krishna Pal's grandson was a Sanskrit student of the College of great promise. And a lady of comfort-bringing healthfulness and domesticity and gentleness filled Carey's home again with sunshine and peace, and was just in time, too, to nurse him through a long illness after a terrible injury from a fall in the dark on the Serampore river-bank. "I am surrounded with mercies," he could say.

I have often regretted that Marshman let himself be drawn into a theological controversy with Ram Mohun Roy, "the most striking figure of the Indian Renaissance." With all his massive greatness Marshman could sometimes lose the due sense of proportion, and then, as Ward put it, "a falling bubble was a falling world." This Rajah had again and again dared all things in his pleas for religious reform. In Persian and Arabic and Sanskrit pamphlets he had challenged idolatry. Though unable to give to the Person, the deeds and the sacrifice of Christ their New Testament values, he had published *The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness*, and had declared them "better adapted for the use of rational beings than any others which had come to his knowledge." Moreover, he was helping to cast out the demons. No Indian stood more valiantly

side by side with Serampore in the demand for the abolition of *Sati*. His voice carried further in that fierce conflict than any other's, and was of immeasurable support to Lord William Bentinck, when night and day he was debating in his own soul whether he should also stay his hand like even the Marquises Wellesley and Hastings, and the Lords Minto and Amherst, or whether he should dare to bring this age-long horror to an end. That was the most exciting Sunday morning of Carey's life when a messenger brought him, as the Bengali Translator to the Government, an order in Council for his rendering into the vernacular. There was no demand for its rapid delivery, and, throughout his five years' tenure of this office, Carey had never suffered its secular duties to engage his Sunday hours. But when he grasped at a glance the momentous nature of this ordinance, that it was the decree for which he had prayed and striven for thirty years, forbidding any more the burning of India's widows, he knew that this must be his sacred ministry for that Lord's Day, a veritable preaching of good tidings. Not an hour was to be lost in translating it, or yet other widows would be sacrificed. A Parliamentary Paper admitted that in Bengal alone 5,997 had been burned alive during the preceding decade. So a colleague took Carey's place in the Danish Church pulpit that morning, whilst he and his pundit wrought this statute into Bengali, and, perhaps, also into Sanskrit, Oriya, Marathi and Hindi, in order that all India

might know as quickly as possible that at last her widows were ransomed, and that the year 1829 was "the acceptable year of the Lord."

Carey is often given the credit for the publication of India's first worth-while newspapers. But this was not his doing. The merit was the Marshmans. Indeed, Carey negatived the proposal at first, though he can scarcely be blamed. He had so often been put to distress by the Administration's over-sensitiveness that he feared lest this venture into journalism might occasion fresh official concern, and result, perhaps, in the enforced removal of the press to Calcutta: which might easily have happened, except for the sheer sagacity of the editorship of Marshman and his eldest son. In their strong hands the three journals—the vernacular, the bi-lingual and the English—were widely approved, and became potent instruments of education and of social reform. They greatly contributed through a decade to the growth of the public opinion which enabled Lord Bentinck to deal the death-blow to *Sati*. Calcutta's *The Statesman* is the direct descendant of Marshman's *The Friend of India*.

Carey had seen limitless possibilities springing out of his *Sanskrit New Testament*. It was to prove a kind of skeleton-key with which he would pick many locks. Learned pundits from all parts of India gravitated to Calcutta and its Government College in the hope of employment. Each knew at least two languages—Sanskrit and his own special Indian

vernacular, whether it were Gujarati or Kanarese, or Nepali or what-not. They were introduced to Carey, and, when he had discovered from amongst them the best scholars, he set them to render his Sanskrit New Testament into their mother-speech—a quite straightforward and compassable task. And the results should have been creditably indigenous, just as in the Middle Ages, when all men of learning knew Latin, an autochthonous son and scholar of Cornwall should have been able to translate the Vulgate into good Cornish. In this way more than twenty vernacular versions of Carey's Sanskrit New Testament were produced. Had he published these versions just as they were, with an explanation of their character, he would have done good service by supplying for these many language-areas the New Testament in tolerable correctness. But he was not built that way. He could not be satisfied till, by the aid of these pundits, he had learned these many languages himself. And this he did at an average speed of a language a year through more than twenty years. The feat sounds impossible; or, at least, one suspects that the result must have been very unsatisfactory; until one remembers that, as most of these tongues were Sanskritic, his almost absolute knowledge of Sanskrit enabled him quickly to make any branch of its large family his own. Also that, in repeated instances, the languages he learned were spoken by near neighbours, so that the knowledge of one often eased the acquisition of the next;

as a knowledge of Norwegian would expedite the learning of Swedish, or of German that of Danish and Dutch. Besides, years of ceaseless pursuit and practice along any line will yield surprising results, and Carey gave many tense hours of every day, as we saw by his diary, and through more than thirty-five years, to this winning of tongues. His powers of apprehension must have advanced in almost geometrical progression. I often associate and compare his experience with Darwin's, who wrote: "My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts." Carey's mind had become an almost automatic instrument for the detection of linguistic differences, and for the translation of the New Testament, the Book he almost knew by heart. "I am more in my element," he wrote, "translating the Word of God than in any other employment." So it was not "grind" for him, but fascination and delight: and not solitary labour, but always with the stimulus of pundit-companionship. Meredith bids us *plod and keep the passion up*. Carey was willing to own that "he could plod," and, with his passion for biblical translation never cooling, the plod was a delight. He made himself acquire these many tongues, because he scorned to issue a single New Testament version which was not the best that his pundit and he could produce. Those who presume to say that he probably put forth versions in languages of which he knew little or nothing are

miles away from understanding this devout and conscientious craftsman. Stating things roughly, and understating them each time, it may be said that the output of Carey's translation-toil was :

Six complete Bibles, in the major tongues of north and central India;
Twenty-four *more* New Testaments; and
Five *more* separate Gospels.

Who would have expected him in far-distant Serampore to provide the first New Testaments for Afghanistan and for Kashmir? Dr. MacBeath might not unreasonably say in view of Carey's achievements and Marshman's Bible in Chinese: "Serampore's biblical translations are worthy of all the superlatives of human speech." They continually leapt forward to make of some further tongue a highway for their Lord.

With the Government in settled friendliness, and Serampore College in full swing, and the students an increasing joy, and their many Indian Mission-stations *from Ajmere to Akyab* promisingly manned, and the Serampore journals a growing influence, and Carey's planned Scripture translations nearly completed, and his wife a very genius for comfort in the home, he might reasonably have looked for a time of tranquillity, "ere he should be gone on death's adventure brave and new." But the very opposite befell him. For in January 1830, December 1832, and June 1834, the four great business houses and

companies of Calcutta, which were also the banks of the careful, successively broke, and were bankrupt to the extent of two millions of pounds, three and a half, two and a half, and a final one million—a sequence of earthquakes which made the business and social world of Calcutta and the Presidency stagger. Investments perished; incomes withered; jobs were cancelled; borrowing was out of the question; none could help others; all were in one plight; men's hearts failed them for fear; they dreaded the morrows. Carey was as stricken as the rest. His Professorships and Bengali Translatorship to the Government came to an end. His salaries of £1,450 a year dwindled to a pension of £550. His wife's whole competency vanished, besides large legacies and trust funds for Serampore College. All at Serampore had to face for themselves, and to ask of their colleagues in the far-flung mission-stations, the severest sacrifices. Carey's own sharpest distress lay in his not being able to give his wonted £660 a year to these stations, and that there had to be talk of closing some of them down, in which case his colleagues believed that "they would soon have to lay him in the grave," and he himself said that it would be "like tearing his limbs from his live body." It looked as if he would have to leave the College and the Press and the Stations under a cloud of insolvency, and to his successors an intolerable legacy of debt. He fell into grave illness. Then, just before the final collapse in the City for the one million, a

tornado smote their whole district, destroying numberless vessels and homes, and killing hosts of people and cattle. Carey's avenue of mahoganies and other glories of his garden were uprooted, and his conservatories were shattered, and his rarest plants, the loving accumulation of the years, were ruined, and his paradise became a wilderness. Commerce and Nature seemed to conspire to lay him low. Nevertheless, he did maintain his trust, as he wrote to his son William :

“ All our hopes must depend on the power and faithfulness of God. All His promises were made with a full intention that they should be fulfilled, and it is our duty to live by faith and to walk by faith. I hope you will be enabled patiently to wait for the salvation of God.”

And marvellously they were saved. Christopher Anderson so rallied the Churches that thousands of pounds were transmitted to India. Not even Andrew Fuller could have been more instant and successful. Carey lived to see every loss repaired, every load lifted, every worker's salary made good, every Station re-secured. He had been most concerned for the *Khasis* in the midst of the Assamese ranges, for whom he had translated the New Testament by the unusual help of the widow of a Rajah. To his unspeakable relief an English lady had sent £500 for this very Station, as well as equal sums for the College and for the translations. So his cup ran over.

Added to which came the enrapturing news that a lifelong prayer of his was to be answered in Britain's emancipation of her West Indian slaves.

CHAPTER V

THE ENTHUSIASTIC GARDENER

LOCKHART tells how, after Napoleon had been selected into the French Institute, he adopted on all public occasions the costume of that Academy, laying aside as far as was possible the insignia of his military rank, as if he desired only the distinction of being classed with those whose scientific attainments had brought honour to their country; and that in all this he acted on calculation. "I well knew," he said at St. Helena, "that there was not a drummer in the Army who would not respect me the more for believing me to be *not a mere soldier*." How sound that was! Who admires or greatly trusts the men of one idea? It makes a big difference to our thought of Carey that he was *not a mere* missionary, but a considerable botanist and an extraordinary garden-grower. If we could have visited his garden, we should have felt at once that it was on the same scale as the rest of his enterprises, with the park-like appearance of the eight acres in which his College stood, with the noble indigenous and foreign trees, set in avenues and surrounding the big tanks—the local peepuls and tamarinds, date palms and cocoa-

nuts, and hosts of others from afar, all scientifically labelled, redwoods and satinwoods, deodars and adenanthera, and mahoganies (the first to be grown in Bengal), eucalyptus and bread-fruit, etc.; and the graceful tall clumps of bamboos: and rhododendrons from the Himalayas: and the lawns greenly restful, except under the stress of Bengal's untempered heat. Had Jonathan Carey been with us, to whom we owe the best contemporary account of the garden, he would have explained the scientific precision of all the beautiful beds and borders, on Linnæus's own plan, to disturb which was to touch the apple of his father's eye. He would, probably, have pointed out his father's favourite avenue for his early morning meditation. He would have surprised us with the varied contents of the creeper-covered light frameworks sheltering, perhaps, bulbs from the homeland such as we never dreamed to see in the Tropics—narcissi and irises and hyacinths; or cresses and radish and lettuce; or, maybe, even strawberries. Then he might have led us to the astonishing orchard of grafted fruit trees of all kinds, cherries and apples, pears and plums, and to a grove of pruned and most cared-for mangoes, whose fruit would melt in the mouth; and then to the irrigated kitchen-garden proper—which had to be large for the feeding of the Mission-household, with guests, boarders, students, servants and the staff—where, after years of experimenting, were grown cabbages, cauliflowers, potatoes, carrots, celery and beet; and then to beds devoted to tests in the

growth of capsicum and cloves, of ginger and of nutmeg, and of coffee. But, with most pride, he would have taken us into the conservatories, brilliant with rare and lovely oriental plants, especially amaryllids, all of Carey's long assembling or growth from seed, the like of which could only be matched in two conservatories in England, one public and one private, both of which were in deep and freely acknowledged debt to himself. We should have been very interested in the great cages for the hosts of eastern birds, the prized gifts of Carey's friends and students and far-travelled sons—parrots and parakeets and wild pigeons, cockatoos and birds of paradise, and a cassowary, etc. Also in other large enclosures for monkeys, and for kangaroos, etc. If we had been invited into Carey's house, we should have found the veranda gay with mesembryanthemums and climbing geraniums, his daily delight. In his study his son might have shown us the many complimentary costly illustrated volumes of Britain's great botanists, and the several large volumes of Dr. Roxburgh's Works on Indian flora, which Carey himself had edited and published; and, in the British Botanical Magazines, filling many shelves, many a coloured print of rare plants from Carey's garden, and many a tribute to his devotion and skill. Our eyes might have caught a little framed handbill, which hung there—Carey's offer of himself to Calcutta residents as a shoemaker in that tragic 1794, when he found himself penniless. We might have seen in another room trained Indians

carefully pressing, or drawing and painting, plants for Carey's herbarium, or to be sent to Glasgow to his friend Professor Hooker; and elsewhere others packing in sand or in peat seeds or live plants for Liverpool's splendid Garden, or for the botanic laboratories of the Yorkshire enthusiast, the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert. Perhaps, we should also have glanced into Carey's considerable museum. On return to the house, we might, likely enough, have been offered choice mangoes or peaches or pineapples from the garden, or grapes only a whit less delightful than those which Carey had ventured to send for the Governor-General's table. And we might even have been fortunate to witness a visit from Government House of Lady Dalhousie, come to consult Carey before her botanizing holiday in the Himalayas, or of Lady Hastings, concerning the estate which her husband meant to get given to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, which she had encouraged Carey to found, even before the Royal Agricultural Society of England had been established—and Carey himself arriving in time to welcome his distinguished visitor, in his summer dress of white stockings, nankeen breeches, white waistcoat and white short-rounded jacket. Then we should have understood why Lady Hastings used to speak of him as "the cheerful old man," and how modest, yet how animated, could be his conversation, and how his hobby eased the strain of his academic and linguistic labours, and what mirth there could be at Serampore.

And, before the interview was over, we might have heard him own that one of the main impelling forces behind his horticultural enthusiasm was his compassion for India's multitudes, who dwelt in a land of almost incredible possibilities of production, and yet whose food-supply was pitifully monotonous and meagre. He wanted to help them to a life more abundant. We should have realized that his garden was never just an indulgence of a fascinating hobby but an integral part of his missionary career, another proclamation of the philanthropy of God. His horticulture, like his preaching and his translation-work, had one and the same motive, to enrich men with life's best. As we reflected on all the sights and happenings of our visit to his garden, we might have caught ourselves echoing Principal Holland's exclamation in *The Goal of India*: "In what words are we to describe the bewildering energy of such a man?"

He who so pitied the poor and loved every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food, and gathered and considered the lilies, was himself very lovable. No record has leapt to light to shame him. The more that has been learned about his personal and private life, the more are we drawn to him. He might have been, as possibly he was, the world's most multi-lingual oriental scholar, and yet have missed life's true wisdom. As St. Paul said, "If I have all knowledge, but am unloving, I am nothing. My work may have some value, but I myself am nought."

But Carey *was* loving. To his "dear and honoured father," as he was wont to call him, whom he helped to lead into the sunshine of intimate communion with Christ, and for whose comfort till his death at eighty he sent through twenty years his annual gift of £30, and whose one surviving letter overflows with their mutual love. To his younger paralysed sister. He let no wolf threaten her door. She loved to write folio-sheets of home-news to him from her couch, although from her disablement they had to be such scrawl. To his only brother, the wounded and lame ex-soldier, who fell on hard distressful times. "I could not bear," he said, "to enjoy things, whilst my brother was in want." Every word Carey wrote to him was kept by this brother "as a sacred treasure." To his sons, who not only caught his missionary enthusiasms but his naturalist ardours. When they were distant in Burmah, in the Moluccas and in Rajputana, he wrote to them by every possibility, although his days were so crowded; and on both sides the letters were preserved. Even chits of his to my grandfather I possess, and of an abashing neatness. When Felix, his dear first-born son, after the drowning of his wife and infant children in the Irrawaddy, became strange and unreckonable, two cords drew him back to Serampore's fellowship and service—Ward's winsomeness, and his father's clinging love. He died with his father's name upon his lips.

As for the tenderness of his husbandhoods, we have seen into what tragedy he and the mother of all his

children were swept as the price of their pioneering; but, when it came and her health was broken, he shared to the utmost her cross. "He was," says Dr. George Smith, "her tender nurse, when many a time the ever-busy scholar would fain have lingered at his desk, or sought the scanty sleep which his jealous devotion to his Master's business allowed him." The invalid lady, who became his second wife, won from his love never-dreamed-of sunshine. Her letters glow with her abounding joy. And she, who was the nurse-wife of his latest years, felt as "surrounded with mercies" as himself, and a daughter of hers by a previous marriage was drawn by all the loving kindnesses of her new home into the happy obedience of Christ.

That he was "good to live with" let the never-shaken bond of the first Serampore covenanters attest. He despised all those who would have exalted himself at the expense of the challenged Marshman. His fidelity to his colleague never failed. And, beyond this inner circle, he seemed, like St. Paul, to gain the respect and confidence of his official and social superiors, whilst his associates felt for him an unusual affection. Nathaniel Wallich, for instance, the Danish curator of Calcutta's Botanic, the pioneer botanical explorer of Burmah and the Himalayas and Nepal, entered this note in his private letter-ledger on the day after his death: "Incomparably the best, the greatest man India ever possessed, take him all in all." And Dean Herbert, of Manchester, who through fifteen

years had been receiving rare amaryllids from his garden, thought of him as "one of the best and most indefatigable and amiable of men." He could not live except in peace and love. The least dissonance was a distress to him. He wanted all men "kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave them." "I would rather stoop as low as possible to effect a reconciliation," he once wrote to his son William, "than avoid it through any punctilio of honour or feeling of pride." This self-effacing meekness won him the affection of all: as also his joy in earning money for the luxury of giving it away. It is responsibly declared by the late Secretary of the Missionary Society which he founded that, whereas he and his never cost the Society more than £600, he earned and gave to the work and to his nearest needy relatives not less than £46,000. He died in honourable poverty.

That was an eventful first interview at Serampore in July, 1830, between Carey and Alexander Duff, the first missionary of the Scottish Church since the Reformation; who, also, had been kindled by Charles Simeon. My brother once heard a former Serampore student tell of having witnessed their embrace on Carey's veranda—Carey in the seventies and Duff just twenty-four. It was not a mere courtesy-call, but for earnest consultation. For, trying to sense the situation during the few weeks since his arrival in Calcutta, the newcomer had found cultured young India

clamouring for an English education, which was only available for them in the Government Hindu College with its strictly secular curriculum—to the already-proven moral injury to the students and the alarm of their parents. And yet Ram Mohun Roy was leading a brave crusade for religious revival and reform. Could they not take advantage of the need and the opportunity, and boldly offer to India's eager youthhood an English education that should be shot through and through with a Christian inspiration? The other missionaries he had consulted in Calcutta of the four Societies had all been either critical of the project or sceptical of its success, though Ram Mohun Roy had promised his enthusiastic co-operation—a promise fearlessly fulfilled. So in his perplexity he had come to Carey. Now this programme reversed Carey's own steadfastly pursued policy at Serampore, where the vehicle of instruction was the vernacular, with English taught only to the most ardent and advanced. Nevertheless, since he, too, had felt the pulse of cultivated Indian youthhood, and had lamented the subversive effects of the Government's exclusively secular education, and this keen virile Highlander with his St. Andrews' honours and his refreshing religious ardour and his speech like a mountain stream, was the very type young India was needing, Carey gave him his blessing, and Dr. George Smith says that "the young Scotsman left his presence with the approval of the one authority whose opinion was worth having." In a few days his name

and school and programme and Master filled and overtopped Calcutta, and soon multitudes found themselves at critical cross-roads, and strong men took the path that eventually led them into the kingdom of God. Whether the course Duff took was to prove really the best for the permanent interests of India will always be debatable. I heard a very distinguished English Sanskrit-Professor say, that if Indian education could have been maintained on Carey's vernacularist lines rather than on Duff's anglicist lines (carried further presently by Macaulay), India's own development might have been surer and happier.

Duff came again to Carey, when he was believed to be dying. He talked of the much he had heard in Calcutta of all that Carey had endeavoured and achieved, and Carey blessed him for his generous friendliness, but presently added "smilingly," as Mr. Aubrey shrewdly surmises, "When I'm gone, don't talk of me, but of our Saviour"—a bidding Duff was only too eager to obey.

Early in 1833 another greatheart visited Carey, Daniel Wilson, who at fifty-four had just been appointed Bishop of Calcutta. With Cavendish Bentinck as the intrepid head of the State and Daniel Wilson head of the English Church, India's best interests would be speeded. He went to Serampore, almost as soon as he reached Calcutta, not to give the dying Carey his episcopal blessing but to solicit his apostolic one. When, in his own eightieth year, he also came to the end, he bade that the prayer Christ

set upon the lips of the contrite publican should be thus graven on his tomb: "God be propitiated to me a sinner," which almost echoed the lowly couplet Carey had chosen for his own.

My brother William fitly described the end: "The venerable missionary closed his eyes on this earthly scene at dawn on June the 9th at Serampore. The sun was rising. The river shone with a misty radiance soft as pearl. It was the hour when he was wont to walk in his garden and hold quiet colloquy with God. What he owed to that constant habit who can tell?"

The Secretary of the Baptist Union closed his broadcast talk on "Carey" in the March of the centenary year with the following comparison:

"Another little man lived in Carey's day, whose name was Nelson. He has been pictured as of short stature, lacking an eye and an arm, anything but the popular idea of a hero; yet in action 'a flame of fire.' Such also was Carey, a little man to look at and frail, but in action a soul touched by fire from the altar of the living God."

And yet I can imagine him in his habitual lowliness distressed at the comparison of himself with one so illustrious, and approving rather the words written of him by Herbert Anderson, one of his own great Indian successors:

"A man of like passions with ourselves, of weak-

ness and frailty and sin, humbled every time he gazed into his own soul's depths, cheered as he recognized Who had loved him, and chosen him, and thrust him forth to fight the tremendous powers of evil."

I close with one final word of his own :

" If God gives us work to do, and fits us for it, and strengthens us in it, that is enough."

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